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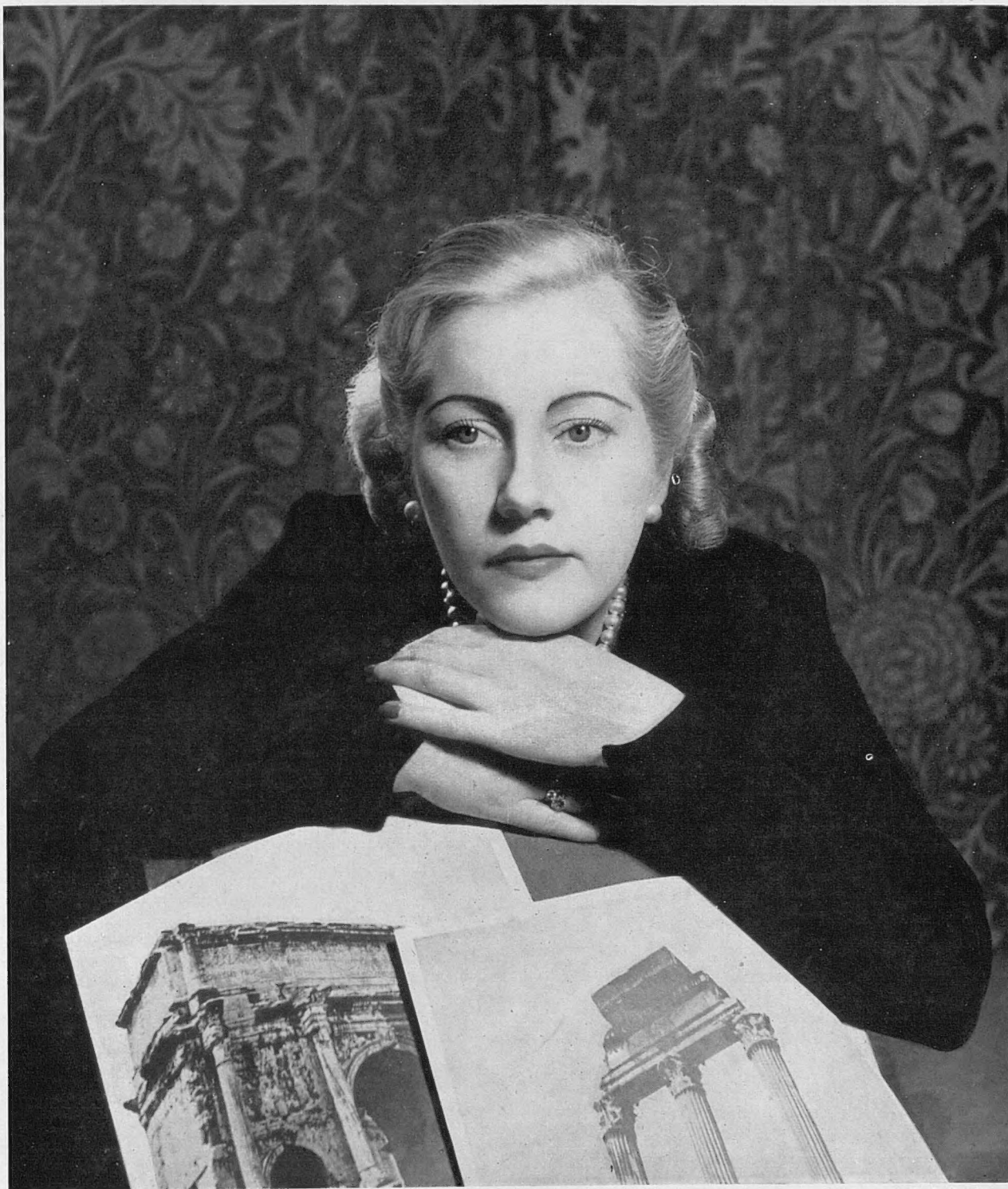
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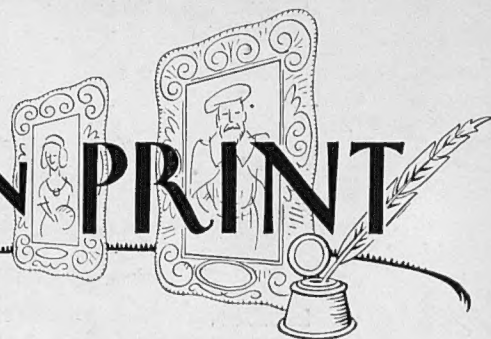
F. J. Goodman

VICTORIA SLADEN

This distinguished soprano of the Royal Opera Company made her début in Wagner on January 21st when she sang Eva in *Die Meistersinger*—incidentally the first Wagner opera at Covent Garden since the war. Miss Sladen spent two years in Germany studying singing, and on her return was immediately engaged by the Sadler's Wells Opera, with whom she stayed until she became a permanent member of the Royal Opera last year. Her performance as Octavian in *Rosenkavalier* last autumn made a remarkable impression



PORTRAITS IN PRINT



MAURICE BARING was recently accused of being eccentric merely because on his birthdays he liked to walk at midnight into the surf—at Brighton for choice—in evening dress and with a bottle of champagne balanced on his head.

This critical judgement has been provoked by the publishing of the memoir of the remarkable Baring written by Lady Lovat, in whose house at Rottingdean he died little over a year ago.

I once questioned a mutual friend at a party given in Harry Preston's old hotel in Brighton—the Royal York, not the later Albion—after having seen Baring doing the preliminary Russian dance with the bottle perched on his bald pate.

He replied: "This is nothing. Once Maurice was walking through Seville about midnight suffering from a high fever. He saw a small lake around a fountain and thought a swim would do him good. So he took a header—into about three feet of water. But as it was shallow enough, he started doing his trepak dance in the water.

"I think it's just because he happens to like throwing himself into the water around midnight. . . ."

And why not?

I have a friend, a man of some sartorial distinction in his way (which is the way of the country squire) whom I often meet in Pall Mall on his way to his club.

He is proud of his buttonholes.

Late August sees him at his best, for then he wears a sunflower in his lapel. He also, at the season that seems to him most suitable, wears a dahlia, sometimes a tulip if the colour pleases him and I have met him in Cockspur Street wearing a leek. I fancy that he would be indignant if he was ever accused of being eccentric. He wears these odd things in his buttonhole because at his time of life he feels entitled to wear just what he pleases.

And why not?

Hallmark

ECCENTRICITY in the English character is not the least of the paradoxes, for it persists despite the ironing-out process imposed by a century of public school conventionality. Edith Sitwell, something of an informed expert, thinks it due to the sense of infallibility which is the birthright and hallmark of the English.

I would not say that Maurice Baring was an eccentric. He was certainly one of the most unusual men of our day and I have always regretted that I was neither old nor fortunate enough to know him better; or indeed to know him at all except for chance meetings.

Here was a man of extremely plain features; a bald-headed man with a drooping moustache and big ears; a man with a florid complexion whom, looked at when in repose, might well be mistaken for a salesman of ladies' corsets. Yet a man with overpowering charm of manner, a poet whose distinction the French were the first to recognize and altogether a man of unique culture.

I once bought a Tauchnitz paper-back of some of his Pushkin translations in Warsaw and was enchanted with their delicacy. I left the book in the train (of course) but not before I had memorized one poem which I can still recite today.

At that time (it was just after the first war) I was only vaguely aware of Maurice Baring as a writer, and probably my principal knowledge was that he had been a guest of the wardrobe in the *Resolution* on the occasion of a terrific rag, in which he had his trousers torn off and was playing scrum-half with the captain's monkey jacket. He must have been nearing fifty at that time and had already written *The Puppet Show of Memory*.

Some might say that Maurice Baring, coming from a rich banking family and with all the European background which the Diplomatic used to provide, was a typically exotic product of those hothouse decades which led up to the great catastrophe.

Not so; a member of *les classes aisées* he may have been, an aesthete and a poet; but he was also more than somewhat a roughneck. He knew what war meant long before 1914, in Manchuria during the Russo-Japanese conflict and in the Balkans. He saw enough in the Royal Flying Corps between 1915 and 1918 to break any sensitive man's heart.

Man from Antigua

THE Americans are not the breeders of great eccentrics which their ingenuity would have us believe. But they make the best of the personalities they have had, and their picturesque yesterday.

BRIGGS—by Graham



"You will try to take very, very great care of it, won't you, m'lady? . . ."

The legend of a "Diamond Lil" spreads from Dawson City in the gold rush days of 1896 to the Broadway of the hansom cab, the lush bordello and free lunch bars; but could "Diamond Lil" rival our own "Diamond Coates," known also as Mr. Romeo Coates and Mr. Curricie Coates, one of my favourite English eccentrics.

This Diamond Coates was a Creole born in Antigua in the latter part of the eighteenth century and he came to London to win fame as an actor, particularly in the rôle of Romeo. He always carried in his private baggage a variety of stage costumes suitable to the playing of the part.

As a preliminary advertisement of his personality he bought a curricie—or rather, perhaps, built one—in the shape of a shell and surmounted by a heraldic device of a cockerel. In this strange vehicle he drove briskly about the West End, magnificently dressed and dripping with diamonds.

The Audience Joined In

THOSE who remember the performances a few years back of *Young England*, that sincerely written play that became a burlesque, and the audiences which they attracted, can gauge the kind of show that Diamond Coates put on through the years, from the first appearance when only an orange was thrown, to the later ones, when the supporting actors risked life and limb on the stage.

There came the day when Coates received an invitation to attend a ball given by the Prince Regent at Carlton House, and dripping with even more diamonds than usual he presented himself, only to discover that the invitation was a forgery. On this occasion it is nice to know that the "First Gentleman" behaved like one. He sent his deep apologies and invitation to visit Carlton House on another occasion.

Coates made one curtain speech that was rather a touching apology: "Let my equipage be laughed at by those that choose . . . but I consider myself a most useful character, for if my dress be extravagant, it is this that supports the working classes. Does it not assist the tailors, mercers and coach-makers? I like to feel that I set a laudable example."

Diamond Coates, his money gone, died as late as 1848—after being run over by a curricie! But not one built like a shell.

Crocodiles and Wigs

WHAT a rich gallery of eccentrics we have had in the past walking and driving about the streets!

Charles Waterton who climbed tree-tops in the Park and rode crocodiles and was altogether a delightful host; Herbert Spencer who decorated his house in purple, was for ever taking his pulse and used to say that he might have fallen in love with George Eliot if it wasn't for her nose; Edward Wortley-Montagu who dressed as a Turk, wore an iron wig and collected a harem; and Mr. Jemmy Hirst who did not approve of horses

except on a racecourse and went shooting on the back of a bull.

One does not know what the eccentric Mr. Freud would have made of all these—but they were not mad people and lent colour to life.

Nowadays you have to cross the Irish Sea to find the best variations from the normal; but in Ireland eccentricity is itself normal.

I was in the south at the time of the general election that proceeded the one that has just been held. It was in the Coronation year of 1937 and there were daily rail excursions to Belfast to see the film of the ceremony, while in Dublin itself it was only shown furtively behind locked doors at midnight.

And all through that week I kept meeting that great English professional eccentric the late Mr. Harry Tate, who was appropriately enough playing in the theatre that week. He seemed to set the correct note for the whole election proceedings.

On the day before polling everything was suspended. For the city deserted to the Curragh where Steve Donoghue was booked to make his farewell ride by winning the Irish Derby, which he proceeded to do, with a very small field behind him.

Nocturnal Bard

PERHAPS Michael Killanin may know, but I wonder what became of that titled and kilted eccentric who used to wander around the resorts at night reciting what sounded vaguely like Gaelic verse but was in fact selections from the works of Robert W. Service?

I heard the other day of one who, going over to Dublin for these elections, found himself sitting next to a man whose only baggage was a swordstick and a Spanish guitar, and who was on his way to Galway to learn Russian.

Truly is Ireland an island surrounded by footlights. The pageant of fascinating characters is interminable . . . they jostle each other for recognition; the Government statistician who thought it a bore to give me the cattle figures during the trade war in the thirties so instead sang me (in a Government office) his translations of early Irish bards. And the man in Wexford who had once been told that he looked like De Valera and decided to look and dress even more like De Valera, and once, when De Valera was in a spot of trouble, went round little Wexford as if he himself was "on the run."

Inscrutable East

I HAD another occasion to recall Maurice Baring this week for I was meeting a Chinese gentleman who, among other things, talked about the recent unruly events in Canton.

Maurice Baring was a great admirer of the Chinese and studied them before they had had the full benefits of Western civilization.

"To them the important thing is not the quantity of things achieved in life but the quality of the life lived," he once observed. "They are not in a hurry; for that reason they fail to see why a motor car is a better vehicle than a rickshaw, because if no one is in a hurry there is no disadvantage in proceeding in a leisurely fashion."

"They see us spending our whole lives in hurrying after something, in aiming at being somebody, in kicking others aside in order to get somewhere. They continue the game for the sake of the game . . . they are honest and hard-working, cultivated, intelligent, good-mannered and good-tempered. They hate fighting, brawling, noise of all kinds, drunkenness and bad manners."

Which suggests that the Chinese must at heart be a very eccentric people?

Gordon Beckles

WORDS WITHOUT SONGS

FEBRUARY

February's not the same
As the other months, a bit.
First, it has a different name,
Then there are two R's in it,
And compared with all the rest
Feb. is sort of, well, compressed.

Feb. has twenty-eight days clear—
One reserved for Valentine—
But in a bissextile year
(Not so clear) it's twenty-nine.
What? I know. . . . I'm not asleep—
1948 is leap.

Pussy-willow buds now form
(*Salix caprea* to you);
Growing from the so-called corm,
Crocus vernus should shove through.
(You can do this if you try. . . .
Use encyclopædiæ).

Finally, it—Feb. I mean—
Functions in particular
To fill that awful gap between
Jan. the thirty-first and Mar.
When life's at its lowest ebb.
That's why I say "Good old Feb.!"

*A Thought! (for those who take two lumps)—
February must be brief,
'Cause the buds—you know, those bumps—
Each enfold a dreaming leaf
Stirring, yearning for the spring. . . .
Yearning, oh, like anything !!!*

—Justin Richardson.



GLUBB PASHA, otherwise Brigadier John Bagot Glubb, C.M.G., D.S.O., O.B.E., is a name second only to that of Lawrence of Arabia in the Middle East, where he has been a figure of commanding influence since the first World War. As chief of the Arab Legion his rôle has taken on a new importance of late owing to the unsettled conditions in Palestine, and he is seen here at the Foreign Office which he recently visited for talks in company with high Arab statesmen and officials.

Anthony Cookman
and Tom Titt

At the Theatre

"Diamond Lil"
(Prince of Wales)

SINCE Marie Lloyd died there has been no English actress whose name was a universal joke. Perhaps this kind of joke, which must of course please the vulgar besides tickling the fancy of the uncommon nice, can only grow in a community that is vulgarly rich, with layer upon layer of warm-hearted vulgarity, as was English society in the nineties and early nineteen hundreds.

However that may be, certainly it is the land of dollars that has given us Miss Sophie Tucker, the universal red-hot momma, and Miss Mae West, the universal "come-up-and-see-me-sometime."

But universal jokes vary greatly in quality. Marie Lloyd had genius, and her draggle-tails and elderly baggages were given happy life by an art that filled out its meaning to the fraction of a hair. She knew how to raise an innuendo to its highest power of vividness. She left it at that. And to the reproach that if she hadn't the censor would promptly have stepped in, she could retort that her delight in things dear to the common heart was a true delight.

THERE was nothing unpleasant in her comic realism. She presented vice as a frolic. She left it at that. Her draggle-tails and elderly baggages were there neither to instruct us nor to exalt us, but simply to amuse us; we did not wonder what was to become of them; rather we rolled them all into one, her name was Marie, and she became a universal joke, the spirit of what makes the life of mean streets tolerable and even enjoyable to those who inhabit them.

Marie is a joke already lodged affectionately in the memory. Miss Sophie Tucker is still busy supplying memory with material no less heart-warming. She kids us "how fat girls can love," and the theatre shakes with the tidings, for Miss Tucker's enormous talent is of an enormous energy and her lungs are fully equal to all the terrific demands made upon them.

We have only to see her to learn that she is the one and only red-hot momma; there cannot be room in the universe for such another; and her claims upon us are, for all their apparent exorbitance, human and most jolly.

ABOUT the universal joke that is Mae West we may, to be frank, feel less warmly; and that is not to decry Miss West's undoubted competence as an actress. She is extremely competent, exploiting the joke with a humorous sense of its essential absurdity. Yet the humour is rather dry and hard and wry. She has not the happy vulgarity of Marie nor the juicy humanity of Sophie. How could her underlying humour be anything but hard? And to make the appeal tolerable she must flavour it strongly with burlesque, and in burlesque it falls into the mechanical. We follow the performance with the indulgent chuckles we should accord to a marionette aping some of the more ludicrous of human antics abnormally well.

WE greatly admire the timing of the doll's dialogue; it always seems slow, but it is never too late for the line to make its maximum effect. Her speech is one long sibilant; she seems able to discover sibilants in words that have none. And so, swaying and hissing and glittering, with one hand on hip, the other at the nape of her neck, she sells weeping girls into slavery, tells bowler-hatted toughs of the nineties where they get off or come up, and in the intervals of ogling a Salvation Army officer innocently brushes the hair of corpses or, suddenly blotting out the preposterous play, sings the tough little songs expected of her with quite overwhelming effect.

Miss Mae West is an amusing spectacle and one that skilfully keeps up the universal joke; but by no means the kind of spectacle that lodges itself affectionately in the memory.



MAE WEST, here swaying between her stage admirers, Gus Jordan (David Davies) and Captain Cummings (Richard Bailey), made her first appearance on the boards at the age of five. Her father was a featherweight boxer and her mother a Parisienne. She has specialized in writing her own plays, and in 1932 took Hollywood by storm in *Night After Night*, the first of a series of films which made her face and figure familiar to cinema audiences all over the world



Angus McBean

"HE'S RUN THRO' THE GUTS, I TELL THEE." A scene from *The Relapse*, now transferred from the Lyric, Hammersmith, to the Phoenix Theatre. Lord Foppington feigns a wound rather than continue his fight with Loveless, whose virtuous wife he has just approached with a highly immoral suggestion; his physical courage lagging a very long way behind his mental audacity. In front: Anthony Ireland as Loveless, Cyril Ritchard as Lord Foppington, and Audrey Fildes as Amanda. Behind: Tristram Butt as Serringe, a surgeon, Esmond Knight as Worthy and Madge Elliott as Berinthia

Of this play our dramatic critic said: "For all its laces and periwigs it remains a nimble piece of farcical buffoonery. . . . Here for adult delectation is the rare roast beef and pickles of the mind."

The Gossip Backstage

by
Beaumont Kent

ONE of the most interesting of the many forthcoming spring productions is *Royal Circle* in which Sir Ralph Richardson will star with Dame Lilian Braithwaite and Meriel Forbes (Lady Richardson). This comedy, due about the middle of March, is by Romilly Cavan, the novelist, and is set in a mythical foreign state in the near future.

It is one of the several productions which Stephen Mitchell has in hand. His first will be *Gathering Storm* which he is presenting in conjunction with Sam Goldwyn, Jr. at the St. Martin's next Wednesday. This play by Gordon Glennon and Reyner Barton tells a strong dramatic story, and is set in a Sussex Downs farmhouse. Nancy Prince and Emrys Price have the leading parts and the other players are Ruth Dunning, Ian Fleming, Mary Mackenzie and Hélène Burls.

As soon as a suitable theatre can be found the Tennent management is bringing *The Happiest Years of Your Life* to the West End. This farce, in which Margaret Rutherford appears as the principal of a girls' school, did so well during its recent visit to the Theatre Royal, Brighton, that after only four performances Baxter Somerville booked it for a return visit beginning next Monday—an unprecedented event for this theatre.

The fun arises over the confusion caused when, by a Government mistake, the girl pupils are forced to share quarters with a boys' school. The Tennent firm secured the rights after a recent Sunday performance by the Repertory Players. In John Dighton, a film script writer, they are satisfied that they have discovered a playwright of considerable promise.

FROM all I hear, Bridget Boland's play *Cockpit*, which opens next Thursday, will be something of a novelty, for the Playhouse itself will be the setting. The play deals with the chaotic conditions in Europe immediately after the Nazi defeat and the action is supposed to take place in a requisitioned German theatre.

This is Miss Boland's first play, though she has written many film scripts. During the war she was an officer in the A.T.S., and her play is based upon her experiences while serving in Germany.

With *Cockpit*, the Mask Theatre will have three productions running concurrently. *The Linden Tree* and *The Hidden Years* are both profitable money-makers and I hear that the touring production of the Priestley play, with Norman MacOwan and Enid Lindsey in the Casson and Thorndike parts, is doing extremely well.

RETURNING to actor-management two years after his release from the Army, Peter Haddon opens with a new farcical comedy, *Tomorrow is a Lovely Day*, of which he is part-author with ex-Eighth Army man Warwick Charlton. It starts a tour at Blackpool on Monday, before coming to the West End. Haddon has the leading part, Jevan Brandon Thomas is producing and the scenery has been designed by nineteen-year-old Geoffrey Chin, whose work caught the eye of Haddon when he went to see his daughter Rosalind playing in the Boltons Theatre revue.

JACK HYLTON will soon be presenting *Burlesque* in the West End. This musical version of the play which had a long run in 1928 had a record season in Manchester. It co-stars Marjorie Reynolds and Bonar Colleano, Jr., with a strong supporting cast. One of the novel features of the production is the staging of a music-hall show inside the play itself.

JACK BUCHANAN, who controls the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, will shortly present there a new Archie de Bear revue entitled *The King's Jesters*. It will be on the lines of *New Faces* and the cast will for the most part consist of young artists discovered during the war by de Bear who, in the past, has put many well-known names on the map.

Heading the cast will be Jasmine Dee and Bill Fraser supported by, among others, Bert Cecil, Olive Dyer, Eddie Marvellie and Stafford Byrne, who has written the book with de Bear. Music will be by Wolseley Charles and Tolchard Evans.

THE first post-war production of *Tristan and Isolde* at Covent Garden on February 19, promises to be a notable event, for Kirsten Flagstad will appear as Isolde to the Tristan of August Seider, a tenor from the Hamburg Opera who is highly spoken of. He has never before sung in this country, though he has played the rôle in Italy and South America. As he knows no English the opera will be sung in German.

Brangane will be sung by Constance Shadlock, a young contralto who has quickly made a reputation since her first appearance last year at Covent Garden.

The actor playing Mr. Holmes depicted in the "Flowers for the Living" (New Lindsey) cartoon in the issue of Jan. 28, was Arthur Lovegrove, not William Murray

Frieda Bruce Lockhart

[Decorations
by Hoffnag]

At The Pictures

Very Small Mercies

WHENEVER people look down their noses at the cinema, and judge the whole medium by the particular piece of puerility that happened to be showing at the theatre they went into to keep out of the wet or to get out of the house, I am ready to protest. It is necessary to know only a very little about the workings of the vast industry which turns out entertainment in celluloid to compete with the dogs, the pin-tables or the football pools, to realize that the wonder is not so much that so many films should be so appalling, as that any films of quality ever get made at all, and about a dozen do get made every year.

A frequent complaint against critics is that films—or plays or books for that matter—which aim high and fall short are much more harshly criticized than those which know their place. The disparity is inevitable. A film like last week's *Anna Karenina* invites criticism by standards which it would be as out of proportion to apply to the five films I have seen this week, as to measure a magazine serial or a college paper against Tolstoy.

None of the five has any pretension; only one borders on the offensive. So I am content to sit back and be grateful for the small mercies which, on balance, they offer.

ALTHOUGH *Vice Versa*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, is based on a classic of the family bookshelves, Peter Ustinov's film is too much of a private joke to be taken seriously as a screen comedy. But it is possible to laugh quite often—a little.

From the opening burlesque credit titles—"Editor in Charge of Magic Lantern Decoupage," "Continuity and Feats of Memory," "Costume Designer and Corsetry Supervisor," are a few samples—it is clear that we are in for the precious fun of the Bloomsbury aspidistra tradition which I associate with Ridgeway's Late Joys and many less genial frolics by our professional intellectuals.

It is too many years since I read Anstey's school travesty for alterations to the book to cause me any suffering. But it does seem a perverse choice for a film subject. On paper the transposition of father and son by magic is completely convincing: we were always clear which was which. On the screen, although trick photography can raise Mr. Bultitude's trousers into shorts before our eyes, it cannot make us comfortably confident that Mr. Roger Livesey, at his most Blimpish, face covered in false hair, and sucking sherbet through a liquorice stick, is his own thirteen-year-old son. Master Anthony Newley, indeed, is easier to believe in as the embarrassed stockbroker on his way back to school, trying to convince the formidable Dr. Grimstone (James Robertson Justice), of his intellectual maturity.

Dr. Grimstone, rolling out his vituperative vocabulary at the unspeakable pupils, showing off with sublime unselfawareness on the soccer field, is the most authentic Anstey character.

Mr. Justice, an actor new to me, gives such a rich, ripe and solid performance that it seems ill-judged not to have accorded him one of the biographical notes on the programme.

Mr. Ustinov has had great fun with a *décor* cluttered with Victoriana, lightning transformations reminiscent of *Hellzapoppin* and a semi-facetious, semi-fantastic treatment of the troop of timid police and the bandstand in Kensington Gardens. Shortened by half and shown in some Covent Garden attic like the old Players' Club, his film would probably be a riot. At the Odeon it at least provides a refreshing change, some mild fun and confirmation of Mr. Ustinov's flair for the cinema—though not yet of his maturity.

MADE evidently under the German occupation, and under extreme moral and material restriction, *L'Ange de la Nuit* is an austerity French film. Nor is it everybody's kind of picture. Set for the most part against the bare walls of a mutual help club for poor students in Montmartre, with the dome of the Sacré-Cœur through the studio window as the only more decorative backcloth, it reminded me of bleak halls prepared with simple curtains for the performance of some great stage star.

But the star here is Jean-Louis Barrault, remembered in this country above all for his wonderful miming in *Les Enfants du Paradis*. The story is as simple a vehicle as the production. Barrault plays an ardent, struggling sculptor with all an artist's self-importance. In 1941 he comes back blinded and, abandoned by his girl, has to be nursed back to self-confidence by Genevieve the club's Blonde Angel (an extreme example of the paradoxical fascination of statuesque Nordic blondes for even the most intellectual French, but Michèle Alfa is a finely sincere actress).

He becomes famous as the blind sculptor. Then Genevieve has to make the cruel choice between this dependent being of naked nerve and spirit, whom she has rehabilitated, and her passionate, earthy fiancé who had been given up as missing.

Basically it is the story of any old film transmuted from the morality of common kindness and decency to the intensity of visible conflict between flesh and spirit. The players fill the screen; and Barrault, besides being a great actor has—even with his brilliant eyes hidden by dark glasses—that fine-drawn sensitive mask which is a film-player's most precious gift. Not a film for those who have no patience with the egotism of artists and adolescents; but I found it extremely touching.

AN Irish doctor (Whitford Kane), who diagnoses "inflammation of the family," and prescribes for his casual patient, Judge Bailey, "Forget your wife, forget your job and run for your life," is a promising start to *Indian Summer*, at the

Tivoli. The summer hardly lives up to the promise.

After obeying orders to the extent of a short fishing trip, the Judge takes advantage of a Press report that he has vanished. He wanders off to practise Hollywood's favourite penniless hobophilosophy; and lands up serving a form of waffle at a roadside café in California, run by Ann Sothern. Her hospitality seems far from the complete change the doctor ordered—and the title suggests.

The wife from whom the Judge fled is played by Frieda Inescourt, wearing lacey collars with round-ed points to show what a really nice woman she is, in spite of bridge. Miss Sothern is blonde, but is just as nice; with a centre parting, soft curls and gingham checks to show that she is not in her "Maise" mood, but a demure domestic type who would rather watch the Judge in his cook's cap from a deck chair than go dancing.

In broad outline the plot is not impossible; all three behave and talk, not wittily or wisely, but rather like real people. A little dull? Well sometimes nice people are dull; at least in pictures they are quite a restful change from spivs and maniacs.

HOMICIDAL maniacs and white-slavers (operating in the servants' hall) are back at the New Gallery in *Personal Column*, the only film under which my benevolence broke down. Faith in Lucille Ball sustained me for some time. Even when Inspector Temple (Charles Coburn) of Scotland Yard hired without reference an American taxi-dancer from a bottom-grade dance hall to help the Yard trace a murderer, who advertises for his girl victims and announces each impending murder in a page of doggerel based on Baudelaire; even then I relied on Miss Ball to show us it wasn't really the kind of film where we need bother about Hollywood's version of Scotland Yard.

As the picture drags on, Miss Ball's delicious fun grows less and less, the unintentional absurdities executed by a Hollywood-British cast including Cedric Hardwicke and George Sanders more and more overpowering—and unwholesome. But some of the references to Baudelaire are very funny indeed.

As in many recent weeks the most satisfactory film is a revival. *Mrs. Miniver* (at the Empire) was never any better than popular. Today I could still fill this page with the anachronisms, of which Richard Ney, coming down from Oxford with a pipe and bowler which look as uncomfortable as his mongrel Cockney sounds, is the most monstrous. But they are not important. *Mrs. Miniver*, after all, was not a film about England for the English, but a film to show England under fire to neutral America. The wonder again is not that so much of the detail is ludicrously un-English, but that so much is recognizably the England we knew at the time of Dunkirk and the blitz—and that the picture was made at all in America in 1941.



DENNIS PRICE

AS LORD BYRON

The choice of Dennis Price for the rôle of Lord Byron in the Gainsborough film which Sydney Box now has under production seems an admirable one, for Mr. Price bears a considerable resemblance to pictures of the poet, and has shown himself in previous parts to be an extremely versatile actor. In the film, the women in Byron's life are played by Joan Greenwood as Lady Caroline Lamb, the Swedish actress Mai Zetterling as Teresa Guiccioli, and a newcomer Sonia Holm as Lady Byron. Many of the scenes have been shot in Venice. Others in the cast are Irene Browne, Raymond Lovell and Linden Travers. Dennis Price entered films in 1943 and among those in which he has appeared are *Hungry Hill*, *Jassy* and *Holiday Camp*.



Photograph by John Jay

George Bilainkin

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S



*H.E. Monsieur Leon
V. Melas, the Greek
Ambassador*

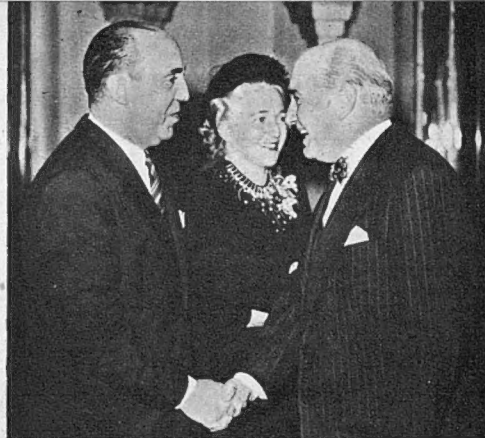
TO Greece we owe our theatres, philosophy, art, literature and love of peace; for once Greek influence ruled vast portions of known Europe. Five thousand years ago Greek civilisation flourished in Crete, and there is evidence, amid the ruins of the Palace of Minos, at Cnossos, of astounding comfort and luxury. But the civilisation faded out, and Greece to-day covers only 50,000 square miles, half the area of the British Isles. Her 7,000,000 inhabitants are pitifully impoverished, and physically weary as no others in Europe, for they have bled in wars almost continuously since 1912. Now, three years after the formal end of hostilities in the peninsula, Greece is the sorest point in Europe, a small country, but of high strategical importance in the East-West set-up.

Before the Balkan Wars modern Greece occupied half her present area. Then followed the Great War, a war with the Turks. A million-and-a-half Greek refugees had to be found shelter inside this tiny land of mountain, sun and water.

BUT Greece sits astride the path to the East, Britain's communications with India, Malaya, China and Australia. Greece is near the Dardanelles and the Suez Canal, much-challenged waterways. It is obvious, therefore, that the post of Greek Ambassador Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at St. James's is one of the most responsible in Europe. His Excellency Monsieur Leon V. Melas, head of mission here since August, a scholar of English who chooses his idioms with care, formerly directed the Greek Foreign Office.

Son of a leading landowner, Melas studied law in Athens and political science in Paris, fenced, rode, enjoyed shooting. He developed a liking for England and English ways from his father, who was born here. In the Balkan Wars he served as a cavalryman, and entered the diplomatic service in 1915, beginning in Cairo. Transferred to London, en route his blacked-out ship outside the Messina Straits was engaged by a submarine. Also while on this voyage he read the wireless bulletin announcing the end of an epoch—the Russian Revolution. Next he was transferred to Athens, as private secretary to young King Alexander. Then his training under the pro-Allied Venezelos helped during ten years in Paris, as Counsellor and Chargé d'Affaires. His first mission was in Albania, where he watched the mules bringing up the water for the legations; then he was in Belgrade for five years, where he enjoyed the cordial relations between the two countries and witnessed in Athens, in 1934, the signing of the Balkan Entente, which he had helped to promote.

BRITISH and French Ministers in Athens at the outbreak of war had cause to be grateful to Melas, by now political head of the Foreign Office for four years, for he gave them valuable information. He supported the defiant "No" of Greece to the Fascist ultimatum in October 1940, and sadly saw Germans entering the immortal capital on April 27, 1941. During the occupation he shared vegetables with his family, terror with his friends. The church bells rang on Liberation Day in October 1944, and Melas returned to the F.O., to become the permanent head. Beneath the thick eyebrows and eyelashes, in the wiry little frame, there is a smouldering fire.



Dr. Rafael Uranga, President of the Argentine Meat Board, shakes hands with Admiral Malerva. Centre: Señora Uranga



Dr. R. Siri, of the Argentine Embassy, having a vivacious discussion with Mr. Mark Baring and Mr. Evelyn Baring, of the City banking firm

Argentine Reception



Mme. Uranga at the reception given at Claridges for her husband, with H.E. Mme. Labougle and Mrs. John Strachey



Señor Gonzalez, President of the Argentine Football Association, talking to the Argentine Ambassador, Dr. R. Labougle



Sir Laurence Olivier and Lady Olivier (Vivien Leigh) with some of the winners at the Vic-Wells fancy-dress ball at the Lyceum

The Vic-Wells Costume Ball



Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden, who were among the visitors to the ball



Mr. Angus Menzies and the Hon. Mrs. Anthony Chaplin, wife of Viscount Chaplin's son and heir



Lt. P. D. McBarnet of the Scots Guards with Miss E. Beasley and Mr. Stuart-Menteth

A.-A. Command Officers Hold a Dance

A Pleasant Evening at Bushey Heath



Miss Benita Letchman, Lt. Patrick Simonds, Mrs. Froud and Lt. Edward Boylan were four of the guests at Hartsbourne Manor, Bushey Heath, Herts.



Lt.-Gen. O. M. Lund and Mrs. Hornby, wife of Major-Gen. A. H. Hornby



Major-Gen. Heath and Mrs. Lund, wife of Lt.-Gen. Lund, were also among the large number of guests



Mrs. Heath and Air Marshal Sir William Elliot, C.-in-C. Fighter Command



Major Dunn talking to Major-Gen. Hornby



Lt.-Col. A. Block, Mrs. A. Block, Capt. D. H. Fitzherbert and Miss E. Lang have an amusing discussion between dances



Mrs. John Hunter, Major John Adderley, Mrs. John Adderley and Major John Hunter also found a quiet spot for a cigarette



Bassano

The Hon. Mrs. Edmund Stockdale and her three children, Thomas, Freddie and Anne Louise. She is the wife of Mr. Edmund Stockdale, of Hoddington House, Upton Grey, Basingstoke, and is Lord Hesketh's elder sister. She married Mr. Stockdale in 1937

Jennifer writes

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

THE first Investiture of the year, and the Queen's party, arranged to afford Her Majesty the opportunity of presenting Dame Beryl Oliver with the gift from the British Red Cross in recognition of her many years of outstanding service to the Society, were the two principal functions awaiting Their Majesties when they returned from Sandringham. Among other matters about which the Lord Chamberlain, the Earl of Clarendon, was anxious to take the King's pleasure were the dates of the "Presentation Parties" which we still have to accept in place of the Courts: two will be at Buckingham Palace, and one, as already announced, at Holyrood. Last year, the two Palace parties were on the last Wednesday in May and the second Wednesday in June, and similar dates are likely for this year.

Another important matter on which Lord Clarendon wanted to know the King's wishes related to the arrangements for the celebration of the Silver Wedding of Their Majesties, which falls on Monday, April 26th. In these hard-working times it is unlikely that the day will be set aside as a public holiday, but there are signs that it will be made the occasion for great rejoicing and public demonstrations.

The service of commemoration which both the King and Queen, Queen Mary, Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh, and other members of the Royal family, will attend is more than likely to be held in St. Paul's

Cathedral, with the opportunity for a drive through the streets of the City of London, and for the presentation of a loyal address of congratulations to the King and Queen from the City Corporation by the Lord Mayor.

ONE of the first occasions on which Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh were seen in public together since the return from their honeymoon was when they joined a theatre party given by Major Christopher Petherick and his very attractive sister Jenefer. This was to see a performance of the Hon. William Douglas Home's exceedingly amusing play, *The Chiltern Hundreds*, now running at the Vaudeville Theatre.

After the theatre they went on to supper and dance at the Savoy. Princess Elizabeth, looking very pretty and radiantly happy, wore a beautifully-cut pale blue crêpe dress. Princess Margaret, who had come up from Sandringham that day with her father and returned to the country next day, wore a pink chiffon dress. Also in the party were the Princesses' cousin, the Hon. Mrs. Wills, with her husband, Major John Wills, who is a brother-officer of Major Petherick's in the Life Guards, and Lady Grizel Ogilvy, the Earl and Countess of Airlie's youngest daughter.

Others supping and dancing at the Savoy that night were Sir Evelyn and Lady Delves Broughton with a large party of young people, Lady Broughton wearing an unusual and striking

black-and-white check dress with only one shoulder-strap. Lady Mordaunt, very pretty in black, was dancing with the Hon. William Astor, while Sir Nigel Mordaunt was partnering attractive Mrs. Alex Abel Smith, who wore an exquisite diamond pendant with her black lace dress. The Hon. Mrs. William Astor, in cerise satin, was chatting to her sister-in-law, Lady Willoughby de Eresby, and Mr. Alex Abel Smith.

Others I noticed supping were Col. Dalby, Sir Ian Forbes-Leith and Mr. Eric Coates.

A FEW days later Princess Elizabeth's first public engagement in the country since her marriage involved a journey to Dorset to inspect the 16th/5th Lancers, of which she is Colonel-in-Chief, at Lulworth Camp. For her visit the Princess accepted the hospitality of the Marquess and Marchioness of Salisbury at Cranborne Manor, where they had invited a few of their close friends to meet her.

Both at Kensington Palace, where they have their temporary town quarters in the Athlones' flat, and at Windlesham Moor, near Sunningdale, where they have their week-end home, the Princess and the Duke are now comfortably settled in, and are much enjoying their new routine of life together. When they are in town, the Princess leaves with her husband when he drives to his duties at the Admiralty, and the Duke drops her at Buckingham Palace, where

she spends the morning attending to her very bulky correspondence. Their staff, including Lt.-Gen. Sir Frederick ("Boy") Browning, who took up his duties at the beginning of February, are still working at the Palace.

WITH the many diversions during the week, Sunday is such a peaceful evening to gather a few friends quietly together. Major and Mrs. Edward Christie-Miller often choose Sunday evening for an informal and friendly small cocktail party in their delightful house in Hyde Park Gate.

When I was there on a recent Sunday evening our hostess looked enchanting in a short black faille waisted jacket over a new-length full black velvet skirt, and among her guests was Lord Cornwallis, who is greatly loved and respected in Kent, where he is Lord Lieutenant and works so hard for the good of the county; he is to be married at the end of February to Esme Lady Walker, widow of Sir Robert Walker, Bt., and everyone will wish this charming couple every happiness. Another bridegroom-to-be at the party was Major Digby Hamilton, who is in the Scots Guards, and his fiancée, Miss Imogen Chichester, who is not only a very pretty girl but is also very talented—she paints murals and illustrates books beautifully; they are a fortunate young couple, as they haven't to face a housing problem. The bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Chichester, whom I also met at this party, have given them a house in London already furnished.

THE very attractive Princess Hélène de Ligne, who is over from Belgium for a visit, was chatting to the witty Vicomte d'Orthez. Two other charming Belgians I met were Monsieur de Wouters and his very chic wife. They have been over here for several months and expect to be here a little longer, as he is working with a trade mission. They told me they have not brought their family over for this short stay, but both returned to Belgium to spend Christmas with their children.

Lady Eden brought her charming daughter, Anne, who, like most young girls to-day, is doing her job and helps her mother in the day-school. Lady Eden started for small children at her home in Victoria Road. Lady Eden told me her only son, John, who recently returned from India, is now studying fruit-farming in Hampshire. I met Arthur Evans, the Countess of Midleton, Monsieur and Mme. Quistgaard (he is Naval Attaché at the Danish Legation) and Mlle. Marguerite Backmer, the hostess's vivacious young niece, who was over on a visit from Paris. There were others I met in this delightful home, where Major Christie-Miller has the most interesting and decorative collection of treasures connected with the Coldstream Guards; I loved the china figures of officers in the various uniforms of the regiment from its origin, and the fine set of prints he has of all the past Colonels of the regiment. Another delightful and, I should think, unique possession is a complete set of table glass, including finger-bowls, beautifully made with the crest of the Coldstream Guards.

ANOTHER enjoyable party I went to a few days later was the "flat warming" cocktail party Mrs. Harrison-Broadley gave in her very nice and roomy flat in Sloane Court. All the hostess's many friends are delighted to have her back in London, as Mrs. Harrison-Broadley has been living for the past few years entirely in her Scottish home at Aboyne.

Among those who had come to wish her luck in her new home were Gen. Sir James and Lady Marshall-Cornwall, Sir Robert Clive, our Ambassador in Japan from 1934-37 and later Ambassador to Belgium and Minister to Luxembourg jointly, who was alone, as Lady Clive was not well. I met the very chic Countess Sponeck, wife of the Danish Military Attaché, who was wearing the gayest feathered hat with a brown velvet dress under her lovely mink coat. She was chatting to Señor de Alba of the Spanish Embassy, who brought his very pretty wife to the party; they have now settled into a flat in Lowndes Square with their young family. Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, who is always one of the best hostesses, had her brother, Mr. Alfred Dugdale, to help look after her guests; he was down from Scotland and staying in London

for several weeks. As he sensibly said, this is not the nicest time of the year in Scotland, but a good time of year to see the good shows and other things of interest in London.

Two charming Canadians at the party were Col. and Mrs. Douglas Roe. He is a great authority on forestry, and has come over for the Canadian Government to study the forestry situation in Europe. Mr. Peter Ward brought his aunt, Mrs. Thesiger, and Col. David Lloyd-Lowles, who told me he had just returned from a visit to Scotland over the New Year. He has a charming small house off Belgrave Square, where he gives the most delightful parties.

EARLIER that day I had lunch with Mrs. Eveleigh Nash at Greek House, where she frequently gives bright and amusing lunch parties. Among her guests that day was Mme. Ydigoras Fuentes, wife of the Guatemalan Minister, who told me she had received rapturous letters from her daughter saying what a wonderful time she and her husband were having on their honeymoon in New York. Mme. Zarine, wife of the Latvian Minister, was looking very smart in black. They have lived in London many years, and she was telling me her daughter has been entirely educated here, as she was only five years old when they arrived. Lady Hood was answering enquiries about her brother-in-law, Mr. Robin Hood, who had just had an operation for appendicitis. He does a lot of work now for the very interesting and go-ahead Allied Circle, which does so much good at its headquarters in Green Street. Lady Travers Clarke, Mrs. Davson and Miss Dorothea Dighton



Cuthbert
Major and Mrs. Richard Pilkington's
infant daughter was christened *Fiona Patricia Vivien*, at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. The godparents were Major J. C. E. Bowen, Mr. R. Hewins, Mrs. Peter Eckersley and Mrs. William Pemberton

Probyn, a great-niece of that wonderful Edwardian courtier Sir Dighton Probyn, were other guests.

FROM the wonderful reception given to the revival of Sir John Vanbrugh's *The Relapse* at the Phoenix Theatre on the opening night, I should think it will run for months. The audience rocked with laughter at the many clever quips and the outspoken repartee of that period.



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. George Wynn-Williams's infant son was given the names of *William Jowitt Dafydd* by the Archbishop of Canterbury, when he was christened in the Crypt of the Houses of Parliament. The Hon. Mrs. Wynn-Williams is Viscount Jowitt's only daughter

Cyril Ritchard, as the newly-created Lord Foppington, was magnificent, and after the final curtain made a short, witty speech, in keeping with his part, quite spontaneously.

In the audience I saw Sir John Anderson laughing heartily with Lady Anderson, who was well wrapped up in a mink coat. Prince Vsevolode and his lovely wife, Princess Romanovsky, arrived with Mr. Bill O'Brien, and Baroness Ravensdale, very smart in black, was an early arrival, and sat in the foyer greeting friends before taking her seat in the stalls. Sitting near her was tall Lady Juliet Duff, Sir Louis and Lady Sterling in their usual front-row seats, Capt. Jack Dennis and his lovely wife, and Nora Swinburne, in white ermine, accompanied by Mr. Bertie Meyer.

Farther away on the other side, the Hon. David Herbert, the Earl and Countess of Pembroke's younger son, was sitting with the three smartest women in the theatre, Mme. Bianca Mosca, wearing one of the really new dresses with a nipped-in waist, and full skirt, the lovely Countess Carla Roberti, beautifully dressed in black with silver fox furs, and Mrs. Beatrice Simpson from New York, very chic in purple. Mrs. Simpson is one of the leading U.S. fashion editors, and was over here for a week seeing the export collections given by the British Guild of Creative Designers, and a few days later left for Paris to see the spring collections there.

Others I saw in the audience were Stewart Granger, Hermione Baddeley with a party of four, and Glynis Johns.

MANY celebrities of the stage and film world were at the première of *Vice Versa*, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, and also at the very delightful little supper party afterwards at the Savoy given by Dr. and Mrs. Simpson and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Ustinov to meet Mrs. Simpson's brother, Mr. George Fanto, the South American producer, who is over here on a visit from Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Peter Ustinov was receiving congratulations on his direction of the film from many guests who had come on from the première. At the party I met Gladys Cooper, who had been busy rehearsing for the new play, *The Indifferent Shepherd*, at the Criterion, which is also by Peter Ustinov; she looked charming in black with a necklace of gold coins. Her attractive daughter Sally, who recently made her first appearance on the English stage in *Deep are the Roots*, at the Q Theatre, was also at the party, and so were Sir Michael and Lady Balcon, Ursula Jeans, and Mr. Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Sherek.

The Ward Union Hunt Ball



Mr. Andrew Levins Moore, the Master, Mr. F. Leonard and Mr. Richard Kelly



Major and Mrs. Eddie Murphy and Capt. D. Eccles. The Ball was held at the Royal Hibernian Hotel, Dublin



Mrs. Jeff Gilpin and Mrs. Denis Daly with the Earl of Fingall



Mr. Ben Alder sitting out with Mrs. A. C. Martin, a sister of the Master



Mr. Dan Moore, brother of the Master, Mrs. E. M. Robertson, and Mr. K. G. Besson



Mr. Harry Cronin, the former Irish Davis Cup player, with Mrs. Andrew Levins Moore



Mr. J. Jameson and Miss Neelia Plunket, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket



Mme. Boucheron, Mrs. T. Waddington, Prince Poniatowski and Mr. Toby Waddington at the Orchid Room

London After Dark



Dining at the Mirabelle: Mr. Alexander Abel Smith, who is a relative of the Duke of Somerset, and his wife



Mrs. Guy, Carleton Paget was with Mr. Derek Studley Herbert and Mrs. N. Calvert at the Four Hundred



Also at the Four Hundred: the Hon. and Mrs. John Fermor-Hesketh, brother and sister-in-law of Lord Hesketh

Fennell, Dublin

Swabe

Googie Withers and John McCallum

Married at St. George's, Hanover Square



The bride and bridegroom drink a toast. They appeared together in the films "The Loves of Joanna Godden" and "It Always Rains on Sunday"



The bride's parents, Capt. and Mrs. E. C. Withers, of Yateley, Hampshire



The bridegroom with his father, Mr. J. Neil McCallum, of Sydney, Australia



Mr. N. Hanbury and Miss June Clyde, the American actress



The Hon. and Mrs. Harold Warrender. Mr. Warrender is a brother of Lord Bruntisfield



Among the many guests were Mr. Michael Chaplin and Mrs. Wallace Douglas



Lady Scott and W/Cdr. MacDonnell were two more at the reception



Derek Bond, the film actor, Diana Morgan, the playwright and screenwriter, and Lionel Gamlin



Dr. Fergusson-Hannay with Mrs. Linnit and Mrs. Fergusson-Hannay (Doris Leslie, the writer)



Major Tancred, Mrs. Tancred and Miss Cousins were also at the reception, which was held at Claridges

Swaebe

Some British Olympians at St. Moritz

Among the British entries for the Olympic winter sports events at St. Moritz, the Services were well represented. The Army entered a strong team for the Pentathlon, an endurance test of five widely differing competitions, and the R.A.F. bobsleigh and boblet team put up some fine performances on the Cresta. The very experienced "skeleton" team had more than its share of mishaps in practice, but did well



Major D. S. Allhusen, 9th Lancers, practising on the Suvretta ground for the riding event in the Pentathlon



Mr. Tom Clark and Mr. J. Crammond watching other "skeleton" competitors



Messrs. E. C. and R. E. A. Bott, father and son, two popular members of the team



Mr. Ralph Harbord studying the notice-board before starting a run on the Cresta



Lt.-Col. J. S. Coats, M.C., who skippered the British team very ably



Lord Brabazon of Tara, doyen of the Cresta, gets ready for a descent



Mr. Jim Lawrence, another "skeleton" expert, returning from a practice

Priscilla Police at

At the end of his book *Quatre Ans d'Occupations*, Sacha Guitry, whose new play has been so cruelly received by the critics, tells his readers that "what his enemies have tried to make him pay for are his forty years of happiness and success." How marvellous to be able to make such a statement, but how debatable, for surely no one can boast of possessing a barometer that is always "set fair."

Sunshine needs rain. Dry toast goes with caviare. Cold shivers and moral conflicts give zest to existence . . . once they are over is it possible, one wonders, for anyone light-heartedly to trip over the pebbles which at the time must have been so very painful?

Other reasons, then, must be found for the almost hysterical damning of *Le Diable Boiteux*. Other reasons also, than those for which Sacha Guitry was exonerated by the French Government on August 8th, 1947. I have been unable to discover these reasons, I am sorry to say—or would "glad" be more apposite?—though I have questioned many of the more virulent writers, and to explain this I can only fall back on Comte Bussy-Rabutin's quatrain:

*Je ne vous aime pas, Hylas;
Je n'en saurais dire la cause,
Je sais seulement une chose:
C'est que je ne vous aime pas.*

Needless to say that Hylas is cousin german to our own Tom Brown's Dr. Fell.

It is quite possible that the Parisian gentlemen of the Press may have been discomfited, on the occasion of this Gala First Performance, by the presence of a number of plain clothes police—as well as the usual *gardes républicains* in uniform—that mingled with the tails-and-shoulders audience, and yet it seems to me quite possible also that these guardian angels may have been called to the theatre by the management to reassure certain young critics whose noses recently have been punched by athletic actors whom they had criticised too cavalierly. *O tempora, O mores!* On the other hand, one cannot imagine M. Guitry indulging in a rough-and-ready. It is all very puzzling and perhaps I had better cut short these unanswerable conjectures and remember that "the play's the thing."

James Agate's criticism of one of Sacha Guitry's greatest successes will serve very aptly to describe *Le Diable Boiteux*, that is one of his biggest failures; for, despite those forty years of success, he has had a few—shall I say, "lesser" successes?—among the 116 plays he has written since his début, as a happy dramatist, with *Nono* in 1901 at the age of sixteen. In June 1926, writing of *Mozart*, then being given at the Gaiety Theatre in London, James Agate says: "As a piece of play-making, the piece is of the slightest." *The Limping Devil* stages, in three acts and nine tableaux, the career of that witty, profligate, turncoat, politician and ambassador,



Capt. J. A. O. Walker, late 13/18 Hussars, doing some downhill work on the skis



Major C. P. D. Legard, 5th Inniskillings, Pentathlon team captain, who competed in spite of an influenza attack



Major M. F. V. Willoughby, Highland Light Infantry, takes aim with the long-barrelled pistol used in the shooting event

in Paris the Play

Talleyrand, Prince de Bénévent, Bishop of Autun, and the part is, of course, played admirably by Sacha Guitry.

Witty, brilliant historical sayings and *mots* abound. Guitry and Talleyrand share the authorship, fifty-fifty. The costumes are of pre-war richness. The acting of the whole company perfection. The incidental music, by Mlle. Goletti, charming—though I would have preferred a clavichord, with Miss Dorothy Swainson playing it, to the modern piano that was used—and the whole production is one that delights the eye and flatters one's sense of self-importance. "Here," one thinks, "is an actor-author-manager who treats his audience with deference and trusts (in this case, mistakenly, alas!) that the critics will appreciate the effort made to please."

UNFORTUNATELY these enchanting tableaux, played too slowly, were all too short, while the intervals were all too long. The spell was broken too often. Towards the end of the evening one gently sank into a state of semi-somnolence from which not even Mlle. Lana Marconi's beauty could rouse us. Mlle. Marconi is Sacha Guitry's new leading lady and fiancée. She is very young and very, very lovely. She has excellent elocution and an extremely musical voice; but she is rather too tall for her partner, who, in order to look into her eyes, must always stand on the leg that doesn't limp.

The Théâtre Édouard VII., where *Le Diable Boiteux* is being played, is one of the prettiest little theatres in Paris. It was there that Sacha Guitry had his greatest triumphs with Yvonne Printemps in *Mozart*; *Franz Hals*, *Mariette*, and all the plays about which James Agate has written so brilliantly. In the 'twenties, those happy years of easy living, when we had almost forgotten '14-'18 and had no nightmares about '39-'45, the Paris theatres were like hothouses in the winter. I remember sitting behind Marie Tempest at the Première of *Franz Hals*, and that grand lady of the English stage was almost fainting on account of the heat. At every interval she and Graham Browne made a dash for the street in order to cool off before returning for the next act.

But, with or without central heating, those were the nights!

Vorità!

● Young Thomas was sent to France to learn French. Walking one day with his tutor he sees a plane, high overhead. "Oh! *La belle aéroplane!*" he exclaims. "You mean: *le bel aéroplane*," answers the tutor, "it's masculine." "Goodness," says Thomas, "how can you tell at that distance?"



The Figure Skating Team which represented Britain against very strong competition: (seated) Miss Bridget Shirley Adams, Miss J. Altwegg, Mr. Graham Sharp, Miss M. Davies, and Miss Jill Hood-Linzee; (standing) Mr. and Mrs. J. Ogilvie, Miss Barbara Wyatt, Miss W. Silverthorne, Mr. Denis Silverthorne, Miss Beryl Bailey, Mr. John Nicks, and Miss Jenny Nicks



The R.A.F. Bobsleigh Team in racing kit: S/Ldr. W. J. McLean, W/O. E. J. Meddings, F/O. W. B. Wellicome, W/Cdr. J. H. Iremonger, F/O. G. G. C. Holliday, L.A.C. G. C. W. Joynson, G/Capt. R. W. P. Collings, F/O. J. M. Briggs, W/Cdr. W. E. Coles, W/Cdr. A. Gadd, S/Ldr. R. R. Jeffery and W/Cdr. G. Powell-Shedden

Photographs by Dr. R. H. Schloss



"The Tatler" was at—

THE NEWMARKET JANUARY BLOODST

At which Lady Velocity, owned by Mr. W. T. Sears, made the highest pr



Lord Joicey and Mr. J. S. Wight, the trainer, were both purchasers



Mr. Gilbert Barling, Major du Buisson and Mrs. Gilbert Barling



Mr. Jim Frost, the owner, Mr. Jack Leach, and Mrs. J. V. Rank, wife of the owner



The points of a likely candidate for some famous stable are displayed before the critical eyes of owners and trainers in the enclosure at the Park Paddock



Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Bletsoe and Mr. Sydney McGregor, all well known in racing circles



Mr. B. Johnson and Mrs. Guy Shorrocks discuss the day's prospects and prices

OCK SALES

Price of 4,100 guineas



Mrs. F. Nagle, the owner and trainer, talking to Mr. W. Brookman, her horse supervisor



Mr. Jack Colling, the trainer, with Mr. Claud Leetham, the owner, and Mrs. Leetham



Col. Fairfax, the North Country owner, and Mr. J. A. Dewar, who made several purchases



Mr. Hugh Sidebottom, the trainer, and Mrs. Guy Shorrock, a breeder from the Cotswolds



Col. J. P. Hornung, who bought Lady Velocity, and Major K. Dawson, another buyer



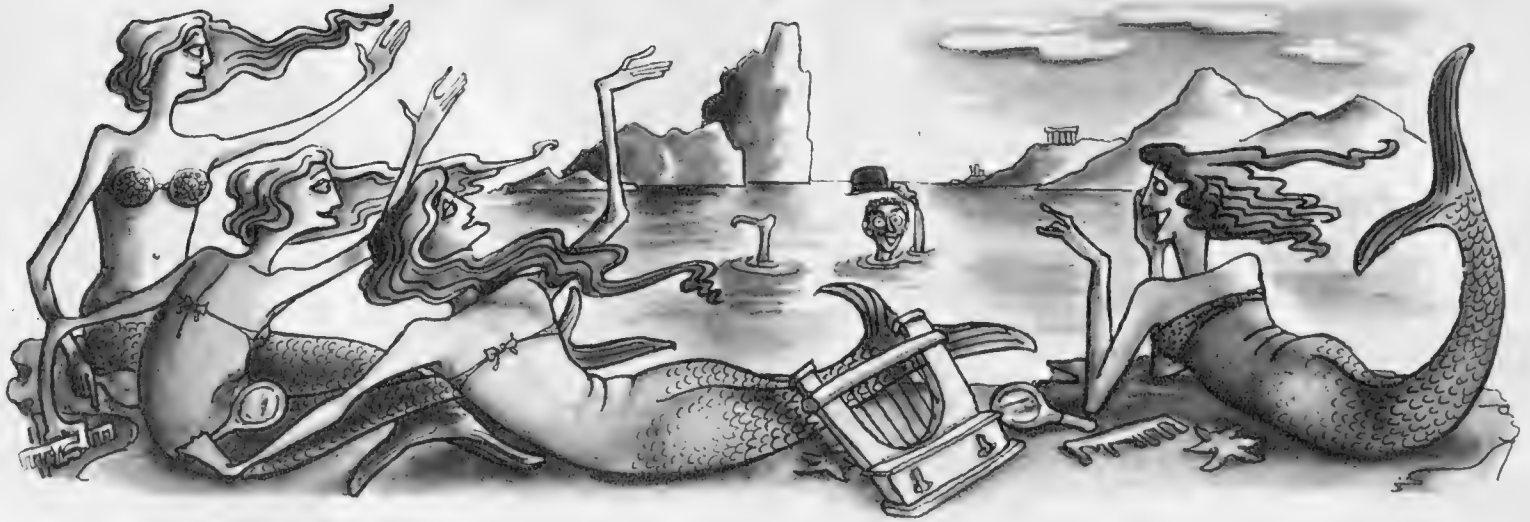
Mr. David McCall and Mrs. King were also taking a keen interest in the proceedings



Mr. C. Halsey, trainer of Pearl Diver, Mrs. H. E. Keylock, the stud owner, and Mrs. Misa, wife of Sir Malcolm McAlpine's manager



Mr. R. Cooper, Mr. Porter, Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Kemble. The two-days' sales produced some exceptionally good horses, though no record bids were made



"... While fishie Flirtes did wave to him; whereat
He sweetlie smil'd, and rais'd his bowler-hatt"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

[Decorations]
by Wysard

Standing By ...

LIKE Archimedes discovering his popular Principle, one of the citizens claiming to have invented the Mulberry floating harbour first thought of the idea (*vide Press*) in his bath. Unlike Archimedes, however, he did not immediately rush round town in the nude yelling "Eureka!"; having been at a better school.

So many good ideas seem to come to chaps while steeping their torsi in water that we asked a friend, a member of the Bath Club, what occurred to him when soused in the friendly element. He said lofty ideas for the most part, and (when floating on his back) practical schemes for helping his fellow-men. One was a patent umbrella with an egg-whisk handle, enabling eggs to be whisked in the rain. Another was an electrical device for raising the hat to any mermaid chance-met while doing the "crawl." "Like Leander," he said vaguely. After some trouble we find the incident in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

... and in low corral Groves
Sweet-singing Mermayds sported with their loves,
And as *Leander* clove the glassie tide,
"Good-morning, Duckes," each saucie Hoyden cri'd;
"Good-morning, Girls," the welbredd Youth did
roar,
And strucke right brisklie for the *Sestos*-shoar,
While fishie Flirtes did wave to him; whereat
He sweetlie smil'd, and rais'd his bowler-hatt (etc.).

We asked our aquatic friend incidentally if he did much sporting nowadays in any low grove, and he said "Often." We said "Coral?" and he said "No, Ladbroke."

Fuss

TURBULENCE being as normal to the lovely city of Florence as (say) bigamy is to the exquisite city of Birmingham, one wonders why our inky brethren made such a fuss over some recent mild rioting there. Guelf against Ghibelline, Compagnacci against Arrabbiati, attacks by Pisans and Venetians and Sienese, Medici-fans against anti-Medici-fans ... there seems hardly a restful day in Florentine history for the past 700 years, barring one Tuesday in 1498.

What is vitally interesting to progressive thinkers is that during most of this age-long turmoil the great Florentine financiers managed to capture and hold the European money-market, which makes Wall Street and Capel Court look pretty sissy. Our modern money-boys pose as tough numbers, but few of them have seen a single Scot fired in anger; whereas

bankers like the Bardi and the Frescobaldi and the Peruzzi carried on soberly with the dough while all hell broke loose under their windows. Can you see it happening today? Sir, the City is on fire! Well, I can't help that, Sir Nero is in conference.

Afterthought

ONE doubts if the Florentine money-boys could have been stampeded even by the old City trick of shouting halfway through a conference: "*Tootsy-Wootsy in the vestibule!*" So we'd like to see the modern spawn of Mammon humbly raising their hats here and now to their hawkfaced masters in the racket. Take time by the right, please. A little more smartly, Sir George. Thank you.

Buddy

FRIENDS of Primitive Man—who at one stage, as every lover of the fascinating pictures in H. G. Wells's most outstanding work of comic fiction, *An Outline of History*, is aware, resembled a slightly constipated member of the Athenæum—will be interested in the latest discovery about him, made by a Dr. Froeschels of Vienna; namely, that Primitive Man made his first voice-sounds accidentally while chewing. Such deductions are generally made by the clever science-boys from a tiny fragment of thigh-bone, enabling them simultaneously to tell you the name and colouring of Primitive Man's aunt by marriage. Where they shake our confidence is in their handling of those drawings of bison and stags on cave-walls. This art-work they declare to be the work of Primitive Man, though it might quite equally be the work of naughty little Buster, aged five, or Goofy, the village idiot (and incidentally such drawings are better than most things you see in Chelsea studios at that). As to the Froeschels Chewing-Theory, we wouldn't wonder if Doc Froeschels got his inspiration to begin with from observing some primitive type close at hand, such as a blonde stenographer.

Footnote

A PROFESSOR OF PHONETICS assures us after many City experiments that while chewing spearmint-gum a blonde otherwise dumb will frequently utter such accidental

words as "Yul," "Nope," "Coo," and "Wah." Two striking abnormal cases were noted by him:

1. Miss R——, after stretching one inch of gum held in the mouth to the extent of half a yard by manual tension, uttered the sequence: "No, Mr. Weisenheim, I couldn't possibly call you 'Laddie,' not if it was ever so."
2. Miss G——, while actually chewing, produced a series of voice-sounds conveying that the parents of the Managing Director had omitted the marriage-ceremony.

Why drag in Primitive Man, poor devil?

Twibute

CHAPS who revere the academic horde (and who does not?) and who are familiar (and who is not?) with a great poem containing the line:

Don middle-class, Don sycophantic ...

must be laughing their pants off at the news that within a month of the new Red régime in Rumania the dons of Bucharest University have unanimously nominated Slogger Molotov for the Nobel Peace Prize.

Thus do the pedants—excluding two noble dons we know, esteem, and love—run true to form, thanks to spiritual pride or *hubris*, and if Hitler had won he'd undoubtedly have been Oxford's chouchou and Cambridge's Prince Charming at this moment. Yet one doubts sadly if the Bucharest boys can buy themselves off with a measly Nobel Prize. More likely the old Oxford story about Cambridge will come true before long, in a slightly different form. Somebody will rush up to a prominent Bucharest don and gasp that one of the Samurai has just been bumped off by the secret police. The don won't catch the victim's name, but will hold up a large white protesting hand immediately. "No! Pleathe! Don't tell me hith name or College! It'th thutch fun to gueth for onethelf!"

Pibroch

FROM the lone shieling and the misty island mountains divide us, also naughty deeds like those of forty sons of Belial (Highland) whose private racket was in Harris tweeds. If you prefer prose, we are as stunned as you by



the discovery of that little affair which led recently to the fining of forty crofters of Harris, many of them of venerable appearance.

One had deemed the mystic Hebrides, at least, unsullied by the vileness of the age. The distinctive fragrance of Harris tweed—obtained incidentally from an ingredient which would surprise you—seemed the very breath of Hebridean magic and virtue, even when exhaled by huge ramping Nordic girls or passing stockbrokers on a Surrey golfcourse. It now stinks in shocked Celtic nostrils like the reek of Tophet, and we wouldn't wonder if the seal-women crooning faëry lullabies to their young at dusk on the Sound of Harris will shortly change the words:

Sleep, little seal,
Sleep, little bough;
All's quiet on the sea,
All's okeydoke with the boys,
Three cheers for Toney Tweedwear, Ltd.

Harris tweed is traditionally dyed brown from heather-bloom, purple from seaweed, and green from native roots. That peculiar deep red you may detect in it henceforth comes from the blushes of Fingal, Alpin and the Gavar Vore. Uch, uch, inteet. Tamnaple, whateffer.

Jape

So few of the modern rich have a sense of fun (*et pour cause*, as Mistinguett said to the dustman) that one must perforce applaud the late Slot-Machine King of California, who hid his millions so cleverly that his frantic heirs have been turning the countryside upside down, covered in cold sweat and cursing abominably.

The great age for this kind of posthumous jape was the Eighteenth Century, which swarmed with rich Nordic misers leading their heirs an agonising dance. As the song in *The Four Men* says:

They were easy to gammon
From worshipping Mammon,
So shall it not be with me!

And maybe this heartless procedure is almost as satisfying to some of the rich as being able to take their dough with them when they die, a boon Science has not yet been able to grant them. Which naturally recalls the noble Bellocian poem beginning:

Dives, when you and I go down to Hell,
Where scribblers end, and millionaires as well . . .

But we wouldn't want to seem unkind to the rich, who have few friends at any time and are disliked even by those.

Talkie

AN uncensored newsreel of that recent solemn conclave of all the big boys of Hollywood discussing the British film-tax should have been preserved for Posterity, as anyone who has ever enjoyed any contact with the racket will agree.

Most big film-boys can talk for hours, and generally do. Words like "motivation" and "picturization" are chiefly in use, but now and again you get puzzling words like "vest" and "viper" cropping up. A viper is a monogrammed silk Charvet handkerchief worn in the breast-pocket. "Vest" is where rival film-boys would go if the speaker was able to take a crack at them. Every two hours or so the principal orator pulls himself up for a breath and says: "What's your angle, Joe?" and Joe says: "Well Izzy my angle is it's like this, of course I'm just *thinkin' out loud* right now, see, but my angle, well my angle is it's like this—" which gives Joe a clear run for the next hour or so. At the end the faces of all present are a curious haggard waxy grey in tint, as if all present felt like death, which they do; and, oddly enough, not merely during a conference but all the time.

Those perpetual conferences involving immense complicated financial deals and mergers and combinations and betrayals do the industry most good, we've often thought. If the boys weren't so preoccupied with money they'd be producing yet more films.

EMMWOOD'S New Series

THE WESTMINSTER WARBLERS (NO. 6)

A specimen humorously known as "The Family Ghost" through its genius for concealment and the ominous clanking it makes in flight



The Höm Secretary Bird—or Coppice Nark

(*Noboditels-Maenuthin*)

ADULT MALE: General colour above palely puce, heavily tufted on dome and over the eye-sacs with ashy-fulvous feathers; beak bluish and hooked; neck feathers stiff (the neck feathers in this member of the family always appear to be too large for the bird); body feathers sable and loose-fitting; legs spindly; feet leathery, inclined to be slightly ambidextrous.

HABITS: This pathetic-visaged little bird is believed to owe its tired expression to the many years it spent endeavouring to teach smaller birds the error of their ways. The Coppice Nark, though being a nester at Westminster for a great number of years, did not become universally well known until of late months when a certain lesser-known African potentate sought to hear its plaintive, though reassuring, little cry, a kind of "Repriceeve-Repriceeve."

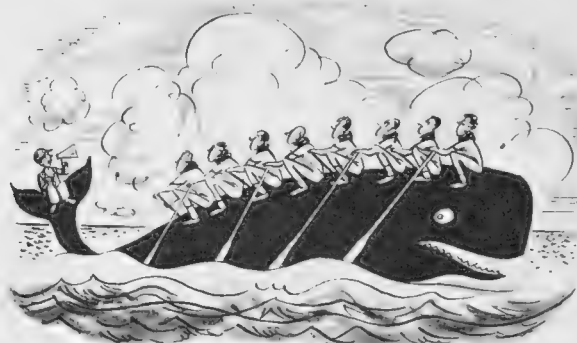
However, as the bird had, for the last few years, been roosting quietly in the dark, this sudden interest in its accomplishment so startled it that it has since hardly uttered anything, and it has now become extremely broody. Owing to its quiet and retiring little ways, the bird is much put upon by the more fierce and raucous of the Westminster genus, who apparently obtain much amusement by blaming the Coppice Nark for their many misdemeanours. It must quickly be admitted, however, that these larger birds offer sanctuary to the Coppice Nark when danger threatens.

HABITATS: Westminster, especially in the more famous yards that abound in that area. It is often to be found on the Downs around Epsom, being an authority on nesting in those parts.

Sabretache

Pictures in the Fire

"It has been well and truly said that you should never attempt to advise any man about a wife or a horse, and so I conform, merely remarking that it is a free country. Personally I prefer a horse with the Aintree cachet to one lacking it"



NO one lacking the courage of the adventurer who tackled the first oyster can have any claim to criticise the humorist who has decreed that whale is better than beef steak for 'Varsity oarsmen; but many of us have a very shrewd suspicion as to which lobby the young heroes would choose if the matter were left to a free vote.

With dim memories of filets au Chateau-briand with champignons, and even of a Porter-house and onions and sauté potatoes at discretion, it is impossible to think of Jonah's prefabricated submarine without a cold shudder. Those sirloins again, marbled with fat, those rich and ruddy ribs, even those fat mutton chops, and kidneys and bacon, that had just been flicked through the kitchen on a string, how can anyone have the heart to place them on the same lowly level as the best whale that ever spouted? It is just unthinkable, even though all these delectable things seem to have vanished. You may get an undercut of whale for rod. You will only get two nibbles and a bite of ox for the same price.

At the moment, so the report goes, both 'Varsity crews average a bit over 12 st. 9 lb. What if this shoots up to 14 or 15 stone, how silly all we finicky feeders are going to look and what a score for Jonah and his three days! If the worst happens, the race will have to be rowed in lighters, for no racing shell will be safe with eight times 15 stone plus the little shrimp on the Pontius. Such crews if they eventuate will make all Old Blues turn mouldier than they may be already, for they used to like her with the heavy cargo in the middle, the bow end light and stroke and seven good medium. How are they going to trim the ship if what seems possible comes to pass?

Grand National Betting

WITH the great 'chase only about six weeks away, a market, which is not purely of the guess-work description, has been established, and though, at present, there may be no great weight of money behind it, there has been the customary trading in doubles. This business quite often creates false prices in both the Lincoln and National, but viewing the quotations published about the latter race, which in interest far outweighs the former with most of us, it can be said that, on the whole, they represent a very fair appraisalment of recent public performances.

In some lists Silver Fame has been a clear favourite at 16 to 1; in another notable list

Klaxton topped the bill at 14-1, with Revelry and Silver Fame at 18-1 each; in another list Revelry and Klaxton were level favourites at 16-1, and in most lists Caughoo, last year's winner, ranged from 25-1 to 33-1, and these other Irish horses, Cloncarrig and Fear Cruaid, were on much the same mark. None of The Metalicians seems to be much afraid of Cottage Rake, the Irish Cesarewitch winner, who is said to jump so well, and who recently won a short-distance 'chase at Leopardstown, leaving Cloncarrig, who has won over Aintree recently (the Molyneux), amongst others, standing still, for most of them quote him at 50's, and they have also opened their shoulders about the 1946 winner, Lovely Cottage, and were ready to lay him at 33-1. They are also very easy about War Risk, the 1946 Sefton winner, who is sound and well again.

Firm Foundation

IT has been well and truly said that you should never attempt to advise any man about a wife or a horse, and so I conform, merely remarking that it is a free country. Personally I prefer a horse with the Aintree cachet to one lacking it. It gives you the feeling of having your feet on the ground.

Revelry was put on his back very promptly in last year's National; Klaxton did not finish last year, and Fear Cruaid, Cottage Rake, Roimond, Charles Edward, Weevil, and some others who are accorded a figure, have not seen an Aintree fence; but we do know that Silver Fame can both jump the fences and stay the distance; that the same goes for Caughoo, Lovely Cottage and Prince Regent, who they say is going to run, and in perhaps a lesser degree for that gallant little hero, Lough Conn, War Risk, Cloncarrig, Good Date, Kilnaglorry (all these last four winners over the course), Housewarmer, Schubert, Halcyon Hours, and some more. Comment on the weights must wait.

Cannes in Waterford

MORE like the South of France, everything grows here, camellias and all"—and a really good pack of hounds thrown in. The winter has been so mild down south in Ireland, that they say you feel cooked to a turn in that stout garment a hunting-coat if there's a gallop, which quite often there is, and wish you were in polo kit.

Reports say that it is just as balmy as May, and so it must be if the camellias and so forth

are in bloom and the air is as soft as a butterfly's kiss. And so few of us know what is almost within biscuit shy, and grouse and grumble because the money ban will not permit us the amount of cash we think we ought to have to make Cannes, Menton, Monte, and so forth, bearable. Why not Waterford?

"Silas Craggs"

HE was a pup after some people's hearts, certainly after mine, for he was a man's dog and had no use at all for twerps and sissies. Says he: "There was never a dull moment! It was heaven. We [Silas and his buddy, Mittens] fought all over the hut; we fought in the Mess, we fought in the car! We fell down cliffs fighting; we fell into water; we only stopped fighting to sleep and eat . . ." and he and Mittens, so I gather, belong to Colonel Colin Davy, author of so many good racing and chasing yarns—*Brown Paper Twice*, *Shrimp Harris*, *Triple Crown*, etc., and Duckworth have just published an attractive booklet at 2s. 6d. all about this furniture-chewing, slipper-worrying, cat-chasing, most attractive bunch of villainy. Anyone who has ever owned a "Silas" will love it; those who detest him, will possibly faint or burst into tears.

A Bach Prelude—and a Sequel

A STORY of a sad misadventure to a distinguished organist has been sent to me by one of his sorrowing friends. It appears that the virtuoso, who is in the Albert Hall class, had "kindly consented" to play a little sympathetic music at a meeting at the local cinema in aid of the fund for decrepit tom-cats, or something like that, at Much Binding-in-the-Marsh; and thought that a few bits and pieces from Bach would just about fit the occasion. He was advised before even touching the gorgeous instrument in the orchestra-pit to give it the once-over, especially where the stops were concerned; but with a superior smile he ignored any suggestion that such a common-looking thing could get the better of one who had handled the mammoths of many cathedrals.

"All right," said his friend, "but I have warned you!" All went well for the first few bars; then the musician pulled out a stop that in an ordinary organ would have produced something melodious and beautiful. It made a noise like two dog-fights. He jammed it back and pulled out another one, which was worse, and produced a very good imitation of a flock of sheep. He then resigned the unequal contest.



The Crawley and Horsham Hunt branch of the Pony Club at their recent successful meet at Findon Green, Sussex



The United States Olympic Figure-Skating Team in happy mood on the rink at St. Moritz. They are: James Lettengarver, of St. Paul, Minnesota; Yvonne C. Sherman, of New York City; Robert Suenning, of Greenwich, Connecticut; Eileen Seigh, of Brooklyn, New York; Richard Button, of Englewood, New Jersey; Gretchen Merrill, of Boston, Massachusetts; James Grogan, of Taylor, North Dakota; Carol Kennedy, of Shelton, Washington; and Peter Kennedy, of Olympia, Washington.

Scoreboard

EX-CHAMP.

He's the rusty slot
In the Out of Order machine:
He's the pepper-pot
Where the pepper's gone and been;
He's the promised quarter lb.
Of butter that's somehow found
To be margarine.

He's the morning after,
He's speed gone lame;
He's a fallen rafter
From the roof of Fame:
He's success's vomit,
Mr. Halley's comet,
He's yesterday's dinner and tea;
He's a Hearst balloon,
He's a burst balloon,
He's a star-fish, dead by the sea.

WITH apologies to none, and assurances to Mr. Cole Porter, Mr. Ogden Nash and my dear old pal Noel Coward, that it is only a merciful consideration for our Elizabeth Bowen's book page which prevents me from going on and on and on. You think otherwise? Very well—

He's a tipliss cue,
He's sugarless tea,
He's a roomless view,
He's an R.I.P.,
He's—

Time, gentlemen, please! Sunset and evening star and one clear call for me, and may there be no moaning at the bar. Hoskins, my galoshes and sombrero, if you please; and send the bill to mother.

THE traveller who still has the use of his legs and eyes after the journey from London to Edinburgh finds in Princes Street the noble

Memorial to one of the noblest sportsmen ever born into this aching, wonderful, hog-eyed world—Sir Walter Scott, pre-eminent example of the soon-to-be-extinct country gentleman.

It was Sir Walter who, as magistrate, fined a citizen for poaching, then, as man, paid the fine and engaged the poacher as his personal servant; a performance that makes such charitable reformers as Wilberforce and Romilly seem comparative novices in the practice of philanthropy. Behind the Memorial, southwards across the valley that so cunningly conceals the railway, stands Ramsay Lodge. It was once one of the boarding Halls of Edinburgh University, and, some quarter of a century ago, one of its front windows framed the catapult which propelled oranges at unsuspecting burghers on the road below. In its dining-room, the choleric parlour-maid, "Catherine of Russia," used to bounce the plates so that the soup flew on to the ceiling and made maps, complete with capes and bays.

AWAY on, behind Ramsay Lodge, lies the park-land where many a Heart of Midlothian first kicked the elusive soccer-ball. I was watching a game there not long ago. The near goal was made out of a jacket and a dump of snow. Its defender, his legs encased in what were either ineffectual trousers or over-successful shorts, had been deriding the efforts of the opposing centre-forward. Suddenly, the object of these criticisms broke through, scored, and shouted, "Stop that yin, ye b—, and to hell wi' the Hibs."

Up above, by the Castle, where Linklater's Impregnable Women repelled all invaders, another game is played; by young financiers, who dance round the visitor and cry out, "Yon's the hoose where Allan Ramsay was bor-r-n; gie us a penny." Looking up at the Castle from Princes Street any golfer with an eye for country must measure the chances of a full drive, down

wind, from that beetling pile on to the tram-roads. Thence, westwards, to Murrayfield, where, against France, the Scotland right wing-three-quarter, Jackson, scored the try of a lifetime. Eight yards from the corner-flag, it seemed he must be tackled; so he finished that mighty run airborne, horizontal.

THE cricket matches now being played in the West Indies recall a delightful conversation-piece during a Test out there early in the last decade. Pat Hendren was batting, and, as generally happened, they couldn't get him out. So the bowler thought up a plan. He'd move one of the slips to short-leg, to have Pat caught on his favourite hook-stroke. But the slip-fielder refused to move. So the bowler refused to bowl. Tableau.

"At length the slip-fielder, to confirm his own decision, sought advice from the batsman—"Mr. Hendren, would you go to short-leg, if you was me?" Mr. Hendren replied that, on the whole, he would not. "You hear that?" said the slip-fielder triumphantly: "Mr. Hendren, he says I'm not to go to short-leg. Get on with your bowling, now." Oh, what a beautiful Test!

Lady, be my Valentine.
I have neither wealth nor wine;
I do not hunt, I cannot hit
A rabbit, though for hours it sit;
My dancing is a thing for tears,
My handicap at golf is Years,
My form is in-and-out at darts;
But—still my favourite suit is Hearts.
So, Lady, be my Valentine,
And I'll be yours and you'll be mine.

R.C. Robertson Glasgow.



Edward Ardizzone has provided the illustrations for *Desbarollda, the Waltzing Mouse*, a charmingly-mannered fable by Noel Langley (Lindsay Drummond; 8s. 6d.). His impression of this fantastic character in full career is seen in the frontispiece, reproduced above

"FOUNDATIONS IN THE DUST," by Seton Lloyd, F.S.A. (Oxford University Press; 15s.), is a history of archaeological exploration in Mesopotamia. These words seem long—it is after an instant of contemplating them that their magical possibilities open up. Magical, that is to say, to the imagination: what Mr. Lloyd has given us is a record of strenuous effort and highly specialised work, but what a subject is his—buried cities! Civilisations entombed in great mounds between the two rivers—the spark of that idea originally kindled the Englishmen who, in the nineteenth century, began to excavate in the Middle East.

Before that there had been legend and mystery, nothing more. The sites of Babylon and of Nineveh had for a long time attracted and fascinated travellers, but pioneers in any effective sense were Claudius Rich, Henry Rawlinson, J. S. Buckingham and Henry Layard—it was the approaching centenary connected with the inauguration of Layard's excavations in Assyria that, in 1945, suggested to Mr. Lloyd the subject of this book. The first half of *Foundations in the Dust* deals with the lives, personalities and adventures of those first Assyriologists; the second with their finds and with subsequent progress up to the present day—as to which, Mr. Lloyd says, "The very considerable possibilities of further finds in the untouched lower strata . . . are a matter of most interesting speculation."

As a narrative, this book is diversified by quotations from the journals and published works of the pioneers. There are spectacular word-pictures of landscape. Not the least vivid chronicler is the indomitable Mary Rich, who, having arrived as a youthful bride to take up her quarters in the Baghdad Residency in 1808, went with her husband on all expeditions. Like other famous travellers from Herodotus to Byron, Mr. Lloyd tells us, the Riches were fond of inscribing their names in remote places. Claudius Rich remarked:

Some traveller in after-times . . . may wonder, on reading the name of Mary Rich, who the adventurous female was who had visited the ruins of Nineveh. . . . He will not be aware that, had her name been inscribed in every spot she visited in the course of her weary pilgrimage, it would be found in places compared with which Mosul is the centre of civilisation.

Human detail, whatever its source, abounds—we have Buckingham's feeling account of mule-trouble. But mainly, the stories of these lives show, like other heroic adventure stories, a crescendo of excitement, an impetus no reverses could check. Difficulties of diplomatic and

Elizabeth Bowen's

Book Reviews

"Foundations in the Dust"

"Another Woman's House"

"Rafe Granite"

"Dinner for None"

every other kind were innumerable; tragedies—such as the disaster to the Euphrates expedition of 1836—from time to time overcast the enterprise. Inexpert digging and crude and risky transport resulted in losses of many treasures—it is, Mr. Lloyd points out, in one way to be regretted that excavation began so early: by now it is recognised that digging itself must be highly skilled.

The account of Layard's first journey, in 1845, down the Tigris to Nimrūd, to open up Nineveh, his intense excitement on the eve of the first cut of the excavations, his half-waking dreams through that night in



Desbarollda entertains the Duke's son and the kitchen boy

the sheikh's hut, is a high point. Of that phantasmagoric night Layard himself wrote:

Visions of palaces underground, of gigantic monsters, of sculptured figures, and endless inscriptions, floated before me. After forming plan after plan for removing the earth, and extricating these treasures, I fancied myself wandering in a maze of chambers from which I could find no outlet. Then again, all was reburied, and I was standing on the grass-covered mound.

NOR was the day that followed an anticlimax. "In a single day's work, with six men, he had in fact discovered two of the principal palaces of the Assyrian kings. . . ." The accounts of finds, in the second half of the book, run parallel with a developing history of archaeology; and the last-but-one chapter deals with "ethics and method." Is it foolish to wish that more treasures could have been left where they had been found, instead of being transported to the glass cases and somehow deadening halls of museums?

As to the impact of these discoveries on the Victorian public imagination, Mr. Lloyd is both suggestive and witty. Layard's *Nineveh and Its Remains* became a best-seller: there was no limit to the interest and enthusiasm aroused. The Old Testament was, for one thing, now firmly authenticated; also, Mr. Campbell Thompson is quoted as saying that "these enormous Assyrian bulls had something in common with the ponderous conservative philosophy of the mid-Victorian period. . . ."

Foundations in the Dust seems to me, as reading, an ideal blend of the popular and the deeply-informed. Its author is Technical Adviser to the Directorate-General on Antiquities in Baghdad. His other two books, *Twin Rivers* and *Ruined Cities of Iraq*, if not already possessed are eagerly to be sought.

"RAFE GRANITE," by Bill Naughton (Pilot Press; 8s. 6d.), is a novel of working-class life—and something more, the tale of a modern Job. This may make the book sound considerably more drastic than it is: we are inclined to dwell upon Job's afflictions rather than the upstandingness of his character. Mr. Granite, Job's modern prototype, is God's good man—rigid, preposterously exacting where morals are concerned, but at the same time oddly sympathetic. To his uncompromisingness may, alas, be traced the greater number of his misfortunes—Wilf's fits; the contretemps of Hilda and the herring, resulting in Hilda's bolt with a married man; the great prune scene at supper; Harold's somewhat unsatisfactory marriage; and poor little Daisy's awful end owing to the affair of the overcoat.

If high tension reigns in the Granite home, there is in it nothing either squalid or drab. 13, Living Avenue, Hard Ground Municipal Estate, Burnton, Lancashire, is the address, and the Granites' manner of life is a definite credit to the estate—their doorstep is snowy, their interior spotless, and Mrs. Granite (Daisy) keeps a table which makes one's mouth water. (The time is, needless to say, pre-war.) Rafe Granite is horse-keeper for Wolby and Co., Carriers, and every one of his family is in work—in fact, no child of his is allowed to sit down



Demonstration of a pirouette

to meals until he or she has graduated to wage-earning. Wilf's withdrawal from work on account of fits introduces the first element of neurasthenia.

DEBT and depravity are the two outstanding bugbears: one cannot, however, in any sense call Rafe Granite a prig. His religion is vital and pure of cant; his occasional hardness towards his children is the expression, possibly unfortunate, of a genuine love. Neither, though sturdily he refuses to call any man "sir," can he be called a "red"—class-political animus is totally absent from this novel; partly because it deals with deeper, more primal and stirring things; partly because the Granites belong to what I should take to be that still quite large section of the working class which is too much and too healthily engrossed in its own affairs to be conscious, one way or the other, of persons other than themselves.

A good deal goes on, and very good times are had—thanks, often, to the diplomatic Daisy, who succeeds in standing between her husband's eye and her children's pleasures. In fact, until the cycle of griefs sets in, the picture of life at No. 13 (it is typical of Mr. Granite that, in spite of all representations to the contrary, he refuses to change the number of his house to 11A) is a cheerful one.

The Rafe Granite we first meet has to endure nothing worse than Daisy's rare unpunctuality (a matter of two minutes) in bringing in Sunday dinner. But, as Rafe unsheathes her sword, we watch his character mount to majestic, Old-Testament-like heights. Several scenes towards the end of this book should increase our reverence for his, and all, humanity. . . . Mr. Bill Naughton, who wrote it, is already the author of *A Roof Over Your Head* and *Pony Boy*. At fourteen he began work in a cotton factory; he then became, in succession, weaver, labourer, barman, salesman, coalman, but found that lorry-driving (for, I think, obvious reasons) gave him the best preparation for authorship. He can

ARTIE BAKER first came into prominence when he understudied Artie Shaw from 1940 to 1942. Later he played with Raymond Scott's band and recently he has been a soloist in the Perry Como radio programme.

Now, on the first record of his Salon Swingtet to be released in Britain, he plays two of his own compositions, *Platter Chatter Jump* and *Microphonics*. The first features himself and his pianist Colicchio, and they both produce some interesting phrasings and conceptions of the present trend in

modern jazz. He has dispensed with drums and uses a harp for rhythmic punctuation. His harpist is a young Canadian girl discovery, Gloria Agostini, who shines particularly in *Microphonics*.

Whatever the jazz purist may think of the combination there can be no denying that it is ingenious and alive, and there is a subtlety about both the compositions and performance that shows intelligence and the urge to achieve something new and sensitive. (Parlophone R.3082.)

Robert Tredinnick.

do, as you will gather, and has done, many things: write he certainly can!

IN *Another Woman's House* (Crime Club: Collins; 8s. 6d.), M. G. Eberhart embodies in a detective-story what could have been the makings of a fine and emotion-fraught "straight" novel. We have Myra, a young woman, acting as temporary mistress of a lovely old American home whose real mistress, Alice, is in prison serving a life-sentence, and with whose master, Richard, Myra discovers herself in love. Thorne House, forty minutes from New York, overlooking the Sound, owes the exquisiteness of its interior and atmosphere to the absent Alice's taste; her room, sachet-scented, with its cupboards on cupboards of flimsy garments, is preserved as might be a shrine of the dead. The enormity of this sensitive creature's conviction (and, above all, for such a crime as murder) helps, in fact, to keep her myth more alive. At the trial everything had turned on the damning evidence of one witness, locally thought to be a fishy character: all who ever knew Alice remain sure of her innocence—

which makes the whole thing more of a nightmare.

Myra's presence and usefulness at Thorne House are accounted for by her being Dick Thorne's aunt's companion-ward. This aunt, the acute, attractive, crippled Lady Carmichael, may or may not guess the reason for Myra's decision that she had better go—love, honour and Alice's living ghost around every corner are becoming too much. The discovery that Dick has an equal passion for Myra does not help. Can he rat on, can he divorce the

now-helpless Alice, already hard hit by fate? Will not application for a divorce make it look, to the eyes of the world, that Alice's husband, unlike her friends, does believe her guilty?

While Dick's and Myra's consciences are agonising themselves around this fine point, there is a bolt from the blue: Alice herself returns to this house, always so much her own. Lovely as ever, she is delivered back by the sentimental governor in person: the witness whose evidence damned her has confessed to perjury.

As though she had never been absent, she glides from room to room, touching flowers lightly, fondling her bibelots, and expecting, patently, to take up her idyllic marriage where she had left it off. To Myra she could not be more blighting, with Dick more devastatingly trustful. However, the gods have far from finished with Thorne House. Further plot it would be too bad to reveal: I can only promise that here is the author at her very best.

MAUREEN SARSFIELD'S *Dinner for None* (Nicholson and Watson; 8s. 6d.) has an appallingly convincing setting—one of those luxury country-house-type hotels which dot our southern counties within a radius of London—over-carpeted, overheated, understaffed and of questionable reputation locally. Beechlands, of our story, is feeling a slight depression after the war—when, being near an aerodrome, it knew gayer days.

On the night of our story, a heavy snowfall has isolated this charming spot. The proprietress is on the drink in her private suite; two locals cannot get home again, and Lane Parry, at the end of a holiday from Scotland Yard, runs his car into a drift on the road outside and turns up at Beechlands in time for two violent deaths. . . . Miss Sarsfield, who established a reputation with her first book, *Green December Fills the Graveyard*, is, I think, as good at describing a social as she is a physical atmosphere. I think it a tribute to *Dinner for None* to say that it cannot be recommended to frequenters of overheated country-house-type hotels: it might induce nerves.

MISS ELIZABETH BOWEN will be on holiday from this page for the next three weeks. Her place is being taken by Miss Margery Allingham, the novelist.



A decorated initial from "Desbarollida"

HUNTING NOTES

A LEASH of foxes was found in Denny's Thorns after the Whaddon Chase had met at Swanbourne Bridge. One of them was quickly killed and hounds got away on another, crossing the Horwood Road and running between Narbury and Foxholes at a fast pace to Thrift. Taking their fox through Thrift, hounds hunted him back to Narbury, where scent failed.

Over forty youngsters enjoyed the Children's Meet at Soulbury in mid-January, when the secretary and Mrs. Boyd Thomson dispensed hospitality. Mr. John Royden, from Walton, turned up with his entire family, and the son of the Master of the Bucks Otter Hunt was out on a useful pony.

There was a fox in the Hop Gardens, Liscombe, and when it went away, hounds hunted out towards Stewkley before it got to ground. An outlier which had been reported between Southcott and Burcott was not at home, and the day finished with hounds close to their kennels.

RECENT sport in Lincolnshire has gone very well. Rain has improved the going and scent is serving better. Blankney followers had some outstanding sport on the day hounds met at Brant Broughton. For 1 hour 35 minutes they were running an outlier disturbed near the Low Covert, and he took them over some of the best country in the Vale—some of it twice—and, as is frequently the case, the fox shut off his supply of scent near Stragglethorpe

Cross-road just when hounds seemed to be snapping at his brush. Difficulties were encountered when the pack met at Kyme Tower on January 24th. Rain was the chief drawback, and followers were thoroughly drenched by the time the end came. A feature of the day was that hounds ran a fox from Kirkby Laythorpe to Burton Pedwardine, in the Belvoir country, where the difficulties of the railway brought the hunt to a close.

Belvoir sport from Walcot on January 23rd was, like the curate's egg, good in parts. Having been entertained by Mr. Peter Knight, a well-known follower, hounds found in Newton Wood, and after crossing the Grantham main road, hounds reached Heydour Southings. They were out of scent between Dembleby and Aunsby, but recovered the line in Dembleby Thorns, and continued to Culverthorpe, but could get no farther. There was a later gallop from Sapperton Wood, and this fox took his pursuers across to the aerodrome at Folkingham, where the field thinned off.

THE Old Berkeley (East) have shown capital sport in the New Year, and from their Horn Hill Meet, having killed a fox in Oakend Wood, they had a nice 40-minutes hunt to Tile House. Over sixty children met the Master at the Pony Club Meet at Sarratt Green, when Ernest Young carried the horn and the bitches ran a Commonwood fox to ground by the River Chess. One of the season's

best days was from Chartridge, when hounds found at once in Lowndes Wood and scored a grand hunt of 1 hour 50 minutes with a 5-mile point, covering 16 miles as they ran, and being stopped at Aston Hill, some 18 miles from kennels.

The Dowager Countess of Onslow entertained a big field at the Darley Ash, Bovingdon appointment, when a Scatterdells fox gave the bitches a nice hunt of 65 minutes before they were stopped in the firs near Box Lane after a 4-mile point.

THE Warwickshire hounds brought off a very fine hunt last Monday, with their first fox, after the meet at Tadmorton. They found him near the well-known Tadmorton Golf Course, and went away over the road leading to Tadmorton Village, and on through Ushercombe, past Swalcliffe, almost to Tyne Hill. Here, the fox was chased by a dog, which brought the pack from running to hunting, but they maintained the line, pointing at first towards Epwell, but swung round and reached Swalcliffe Common. Leaving this covert, they got on better terms with their fox, and ran well to College Plantation, then on to lower ground, where, after making a right-handed circle, they marked to ground close to Framington Gorse, after a grand two hours' hunt.

The week's sport included a brilliant twenty minutes from Todenham Osier Bed to Golden Cross, where Gillson thought hounds either killed their fox or marked him to ground in the covert.

THEY WERE MARRIED

The "Tatler's" Review



Vincent — Mackinnon

Lt. (L.) Perceval Vincent, Royal Navy, eldest son of Brig.-Gen. Sir Berkeley and Lady Vincent, of Bridge House, Sandbanks, Dorset, married Miss Olwen Mackinnon, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Mackinnon, of Carlref, West Cliff Road, Bournemouth



Surtees — Mumford

Mr. Reginald Surtees, of 37, Panton Street, London, W.1, married Miss Toni-Joy Mumford, only child of Mr. Cyril Mumford, of San Fernando, Trinidad, and the late Mrs. Mumford, at St. Peter's Church, Bexhill-on-Sea



Orr-Ewing — Kennedy

Mr. John Hamish Orr-Ewing, only son of Capt. Hugh Orr-Ewing (late the Black Watch), and of Mrs. Orr-Ewing, of Strathgarry, Blair Atholl, Perthshire, married Miss Morar Margaret Kennedy, elder daughter of the late Capt. E. C. Kennedy, R.N., and of Mrs. Kennedy, of Hampton Court Palace, at the Chapel Royal, Hampton Court



Peech — Leese

Mr. Alan James Peech, of High House, Blyth, near Worksop, Nottinghamshire, elder son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Peech, married Mrs. Rosamund Betty Leese, widow of Captain Peter Leese, and younger daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. G. Dugdale, of Shrewsbury, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Parry-Crooke — Williams

Capt. David John Parry-Crooke, elder son of Major and Mrs. C. P. Parry-Crooke, of Rose Hall, Bungay, Suffolk, married Miss Griselda Mary Williams, elder daughter of the late Rev. Dr. N. P. Williams, of Christ Church, Oxford, and of Mrs. Williams, at the Cathedral Church of Christ Church

For a last moment she looked—
calmly, appraisingly—at her image in the
mirror ; and was satisfied ;
and went on, secure in beauty, to
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Fashion Page

by Winifred Lewis

Wolsey's jumper suit in fine wool jersey features a lavishly-pleated skirt with high neck and three-quarter-length sleeves. The detachable cuffs and collar are white, washable piqué



The fabric of the moment is gaberdine—lightweight, warm and infinitely wearable in a capricious climate. Harella's proofed gaberdine full-swinging coat in the new mid-calf length buttons to the neck

Photographs by Joysmith





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The "Tatler's" Register of ENGAGEMENTS



Miss Viviane Marie-Louise Fogt, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Georges Fogt, late of Paris and Calcutta, now of Rustington, Sussex, who is to marry Mr. Alfred P. Bovey-Thomas, son of the late Mr. A. Thomas, and Mrs. Alban Thomas, of Olivos, F.C.C.A., Buenos Aires



Pearl Freeman

Miss Jill Matthews Duncan, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. W. M. M. Duncan, of Buckerell House, near Honiton, Devon, who is to be married in April to Lt. Roderick Jerome Bristow, R.N., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Lyell Bristow, of Tatsfield Old Rectory, Westerham, Kent



Bassano

Miss Veronica Knott, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. Douglas Knott, of Temple Rhyding, Grimsby, who is to marry Mr. P. H. Whiting, younger son of Captain A. D. and Mrs. Whiting, of Faygate, Fingringhoe, Essex



Deste

Miss Elaine Felicia Peat, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. V. Peat, of Wycliffe Hall, Barnard Castle, Durham, who is to marry Mr. Charles Straker, only son of Mr. A. Straker, of Northumberland, and the late Mrs. Straker



Miss P. M. T. Thomas, only daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Allan Thomas, and of Mrs. Peter Nelson, of Brook Street, W.1, who is engaged to Mr. W. R. Bissill, eldest son of the late Mr. W. N. Bissill and of Mrs. Bissill, of Cranmer House, Aslockton, Notts



J. A. Locke

Miss Audrey Helen Cameron, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gregor Cameron, of Eltham, Bearsden, Dunbartonshire, who is to be married in April to Mr. R. Tippetts, only son of the late Mr. P. W. B. Tippetts and of Mrs. K. B. Tippetts, of Westminster, S.W.1

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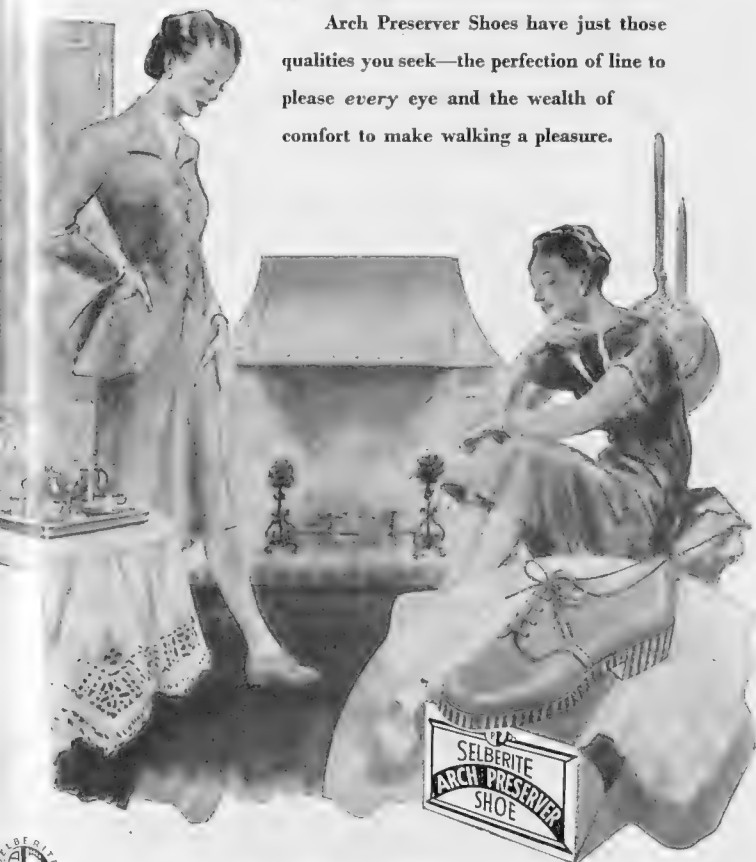
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MOTERING NOTES

From a Correspondent

AMONG the British cars which one would describe as giving a superlatively good performance must be included the Humber Super Snipe.

A 400-mile tour through the South Midlands afforded sufficient variety of terrain to test this car thoroughly. Fish Hill, Broadway, with its twists and turns was climbed with ease on top gear from quite a slow start, while 86 m.p.h. was reached, with something in hand, on a level stretch between Stow-on-the-Wold and Cirencester.

Bristol is not the best city to motor through on a busy afternoon, but the Super Snipe gave no trouble at all, being easy to handle in narrow streets and through quite heavy traffic. Second gear was used for getting away, top and third were sufficient for all normal purposes, and

bottom gear was never used at all. With a six-cylinder engine of 27 h.p., R.A.C. rating, four gears would appear to be unnecessary and to add to the manufacturing cost and retail price, but certainly great flexibility is obtained, and it does make for a very pleasant automobile. The gears are of the silent synchromesh type on third and top.

Springing is extremely good at all speeds. The front is of the independent transverse leaf spring type, and the rear semi-elliptic.

Good Finish

BODYWORK, and the upholstery of hide and cloth, are excellent in finish. The walnut instrument board is well designed, the various items being easily readable at all speeds without having to remove one's eyes from the road for more than a moment.

The steering column is adjustable for length and is comfortably raked. The boot is capacious and floodlit at night, and a wide shelf at the back of the rear seats is most useful for small parcels and books. The steering itself deserves high praise, being light yet positive, and even after several hundred miles no undue strain or tiredness was noticeable.

The price is impressive—£825 plus purchase tax—and for so excellent a car it cannot be said to be prohibitive.

Pipe Dream?

DESPITE recent Ministerial statements, rumours continue to canvass the possibility of a resumption of pleasure motoring in 1948. This,

doubtless, is due to the inclusion of petrol among the commodities listed in the Marshall Plan. Stories are still circulating about the inequalities of distribution of petrol coupons. Most of these, probably, have their source in occurrences where not enough guidance was given to the local petrol officer. They certainly support the impression that a minority of motorists have been very badly treated.

Publications

THE R.A.C. Jubilee Book is now on sale. It contains 200 pages with a wealth of illustrations. Readers interested in the fifty years history of motoring may obtain full details from the R.A.C., Pall Mall, London, S.W.1, or their local R.A.C. county offices.

The Daimler Co. have published a fascinating volume of fifty years of motor car development and production. This also is fully illustrated and some of the early motoring pictures are most amusing.

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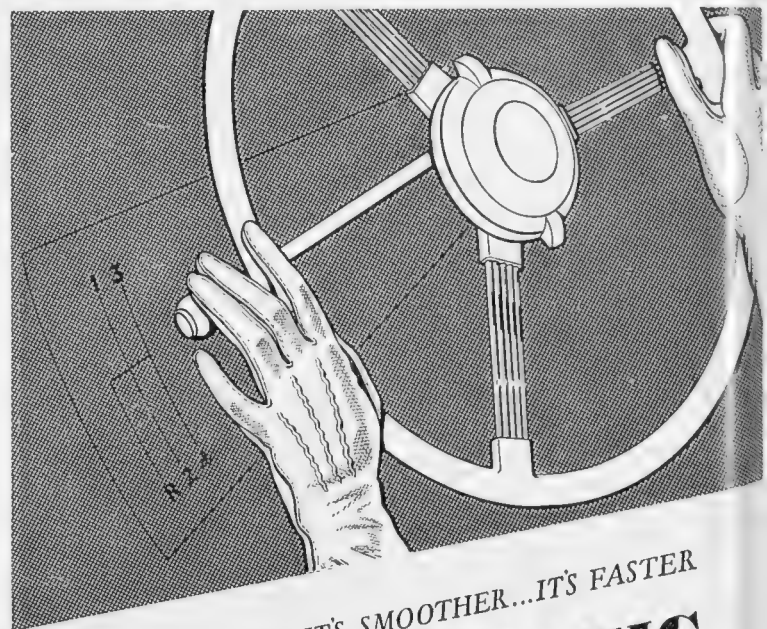
Diana Waring

Princess Elizabeth's Car, a 27-h.p. Daimler, was bought out of the cheque for £4,000 presented to her, with a grand piano, by the R.A.F. and W.A.A.F. It is black, with beige upholstery. The R.A.F. Police flight sergeant and corporal driver delivered it to Buckingham Palace



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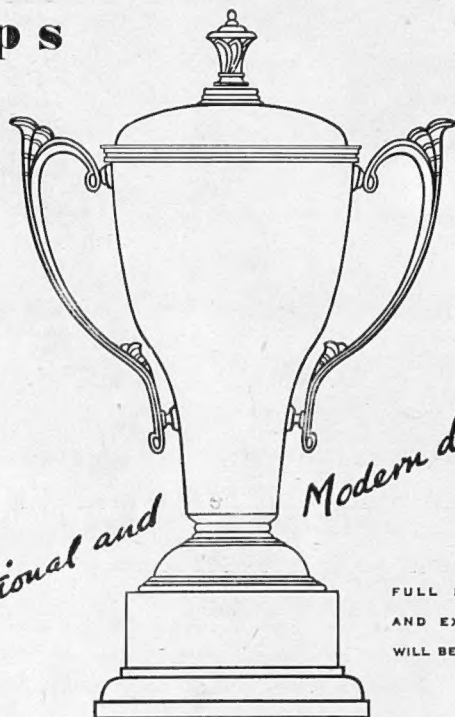


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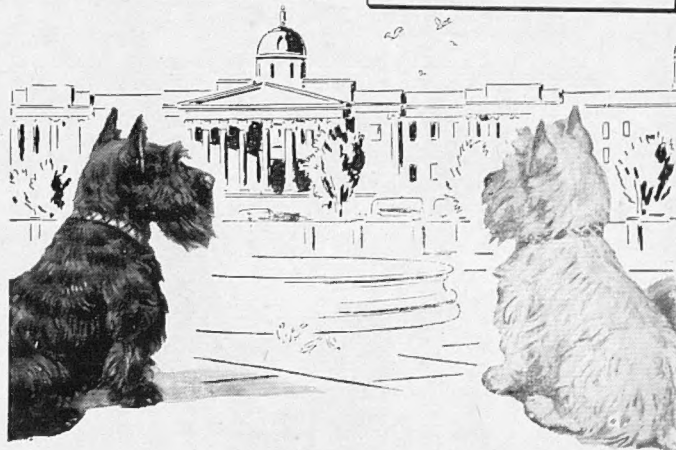
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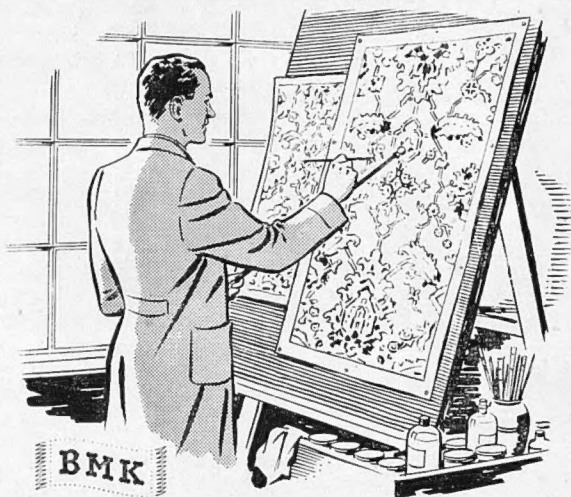
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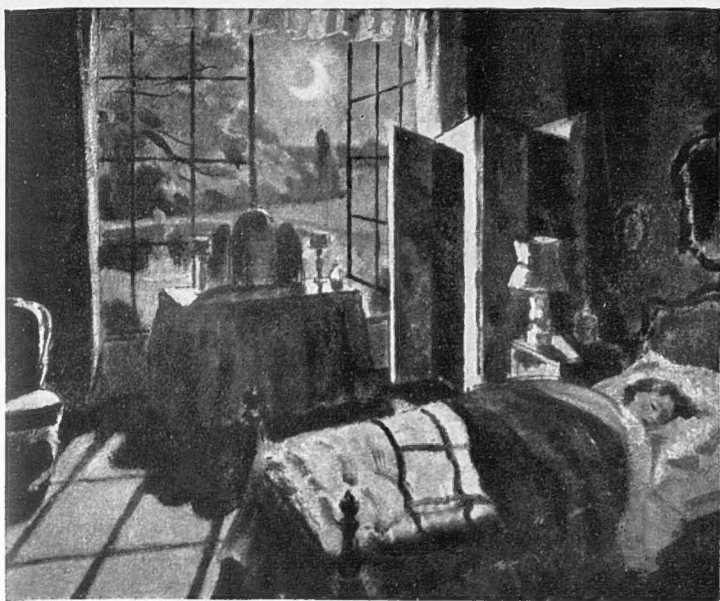


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So sleep remains a mystery, though our health depends upon it. Yet some facts are known about sleep. We know, for instance, that the whole body does not sleep at once, for we brush away a fly without waking! We know, too, that *deep* sleep is more valuable than *long* sleep. That is why Horlicks is such a boon at bedtime. It promotes the deep refreshing sleep we need for renewed vitality next day. . . . We are doing our best to improve supplies.

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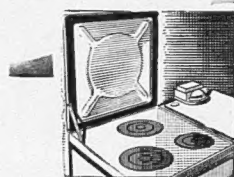


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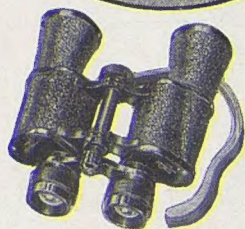
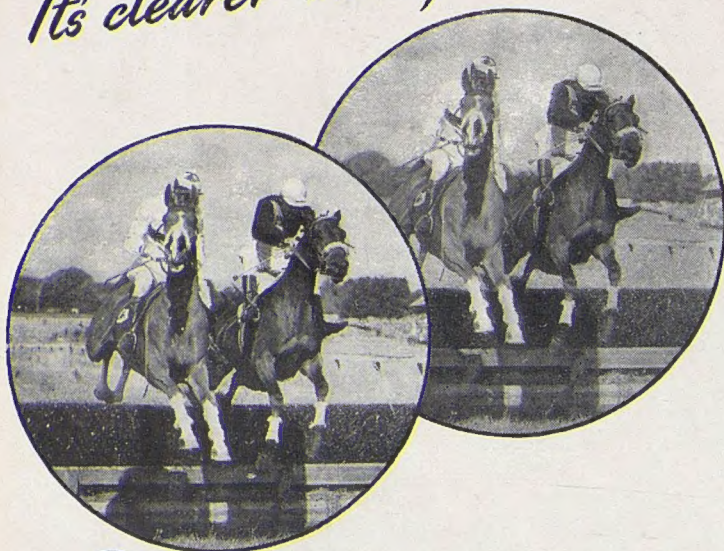
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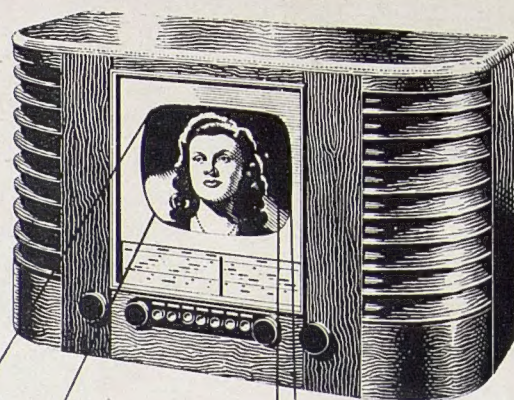
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